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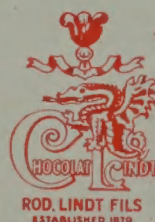
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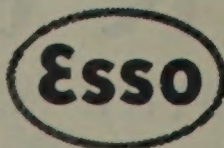


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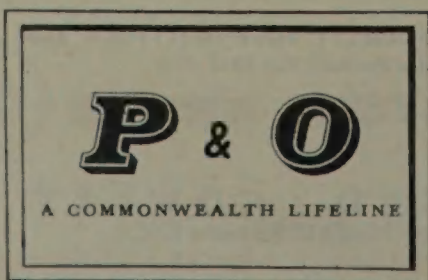


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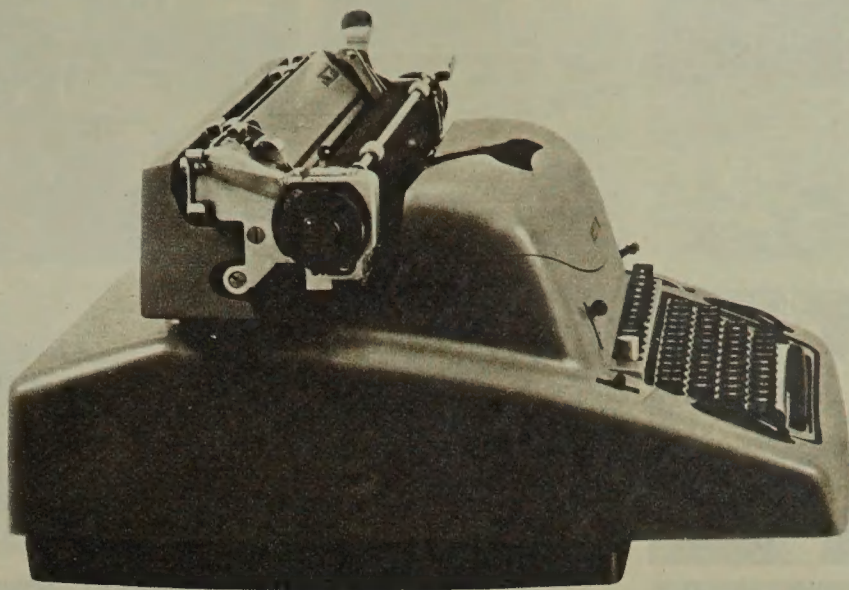
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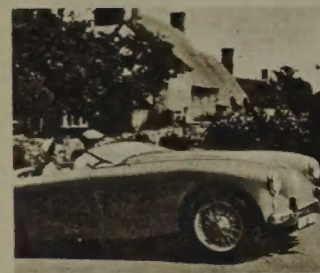




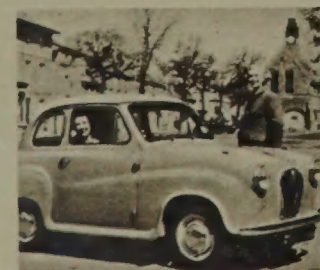
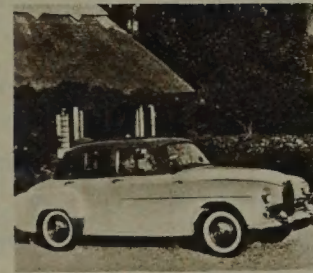
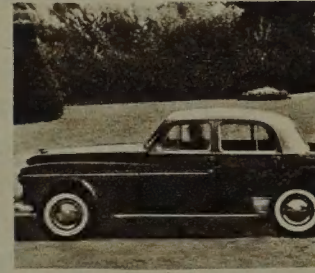
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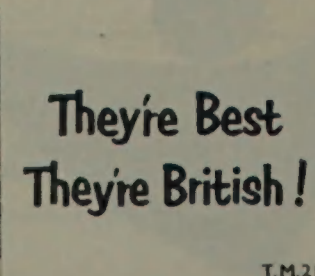
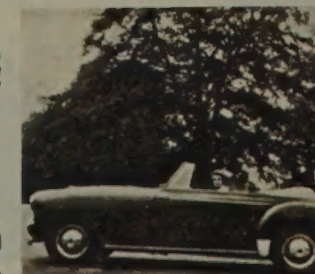
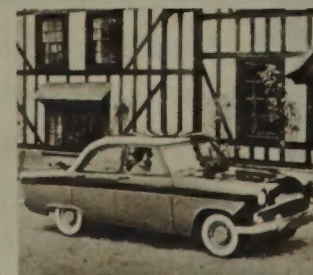
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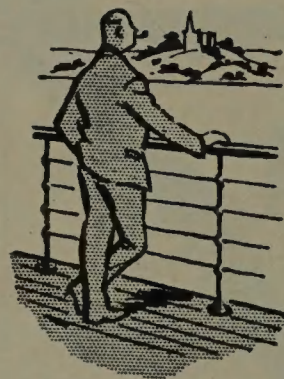
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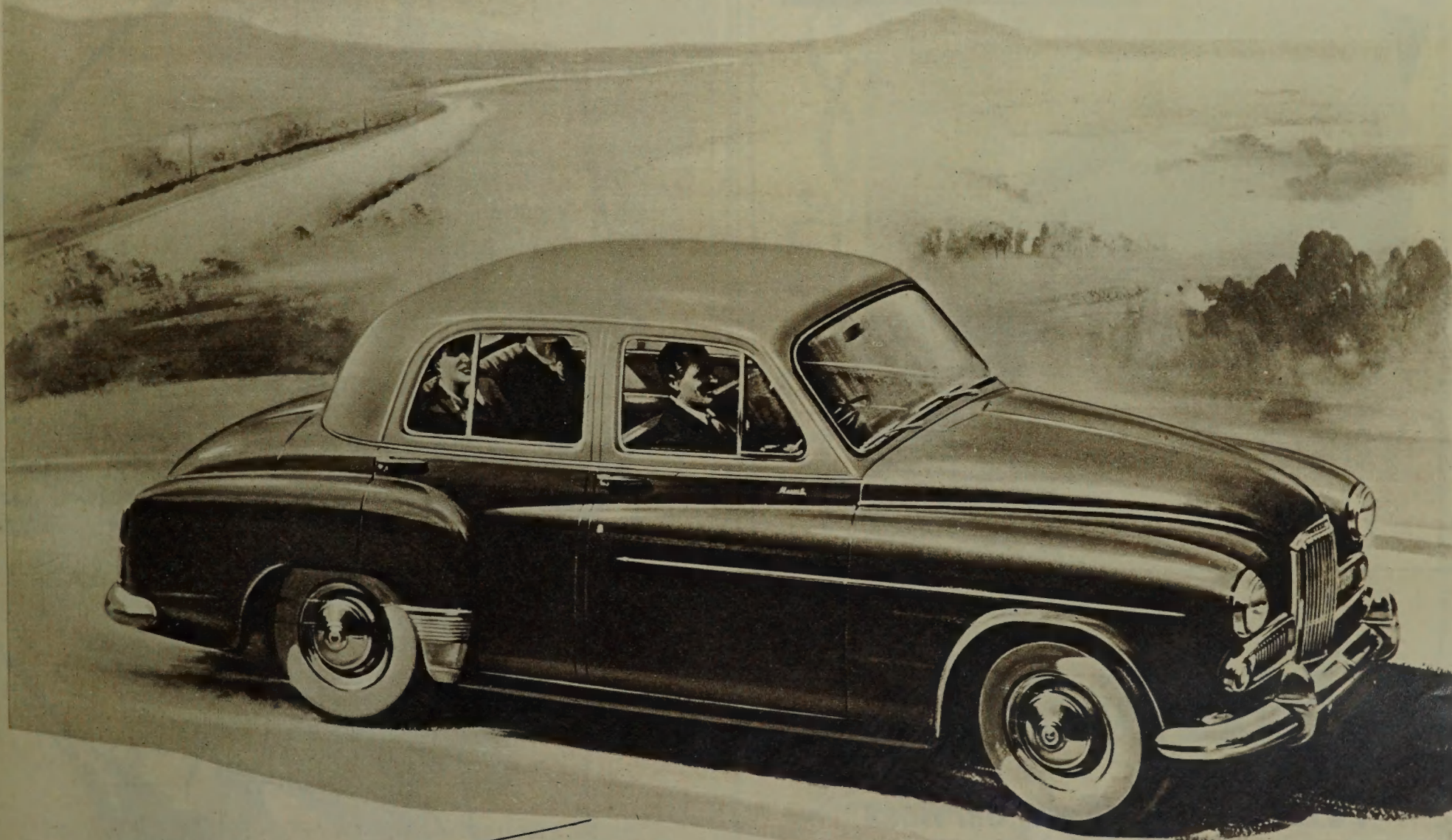
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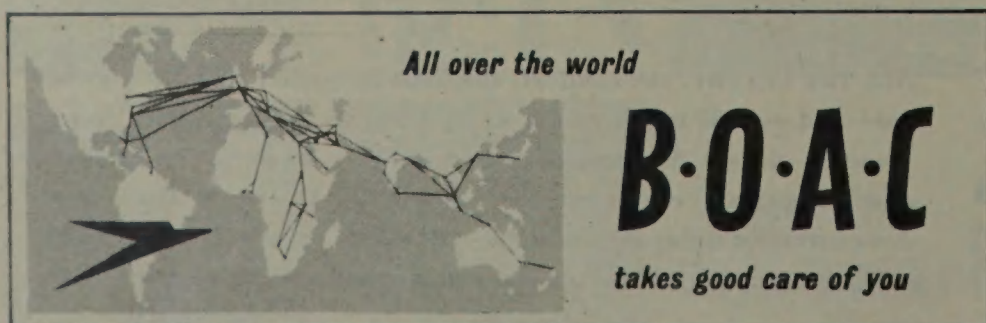
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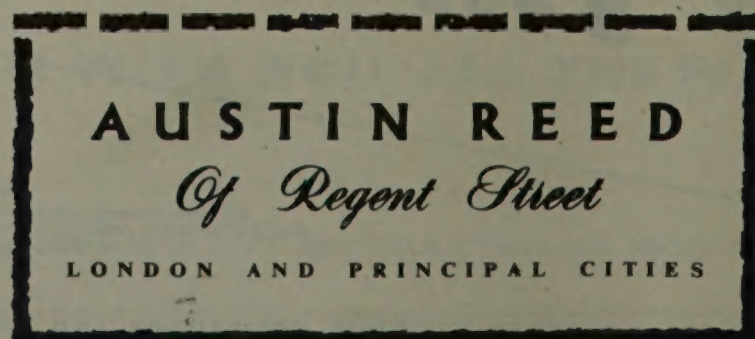


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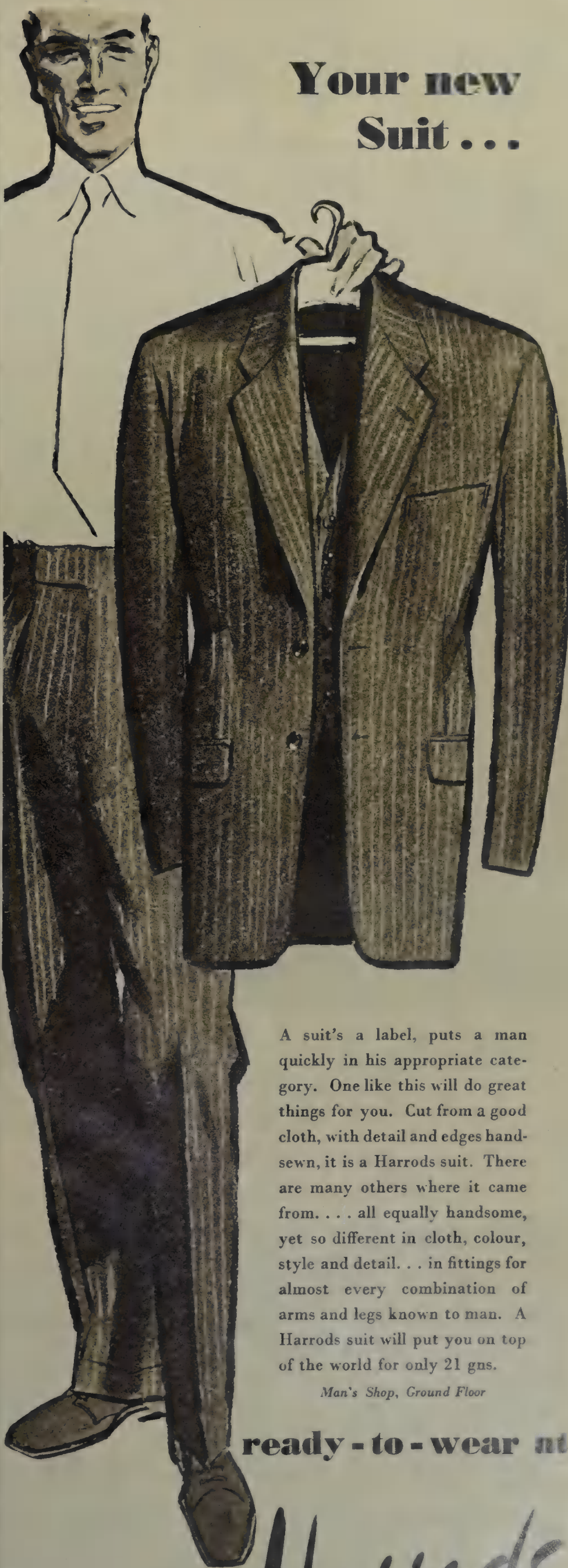
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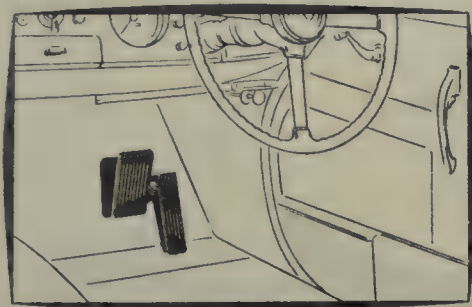
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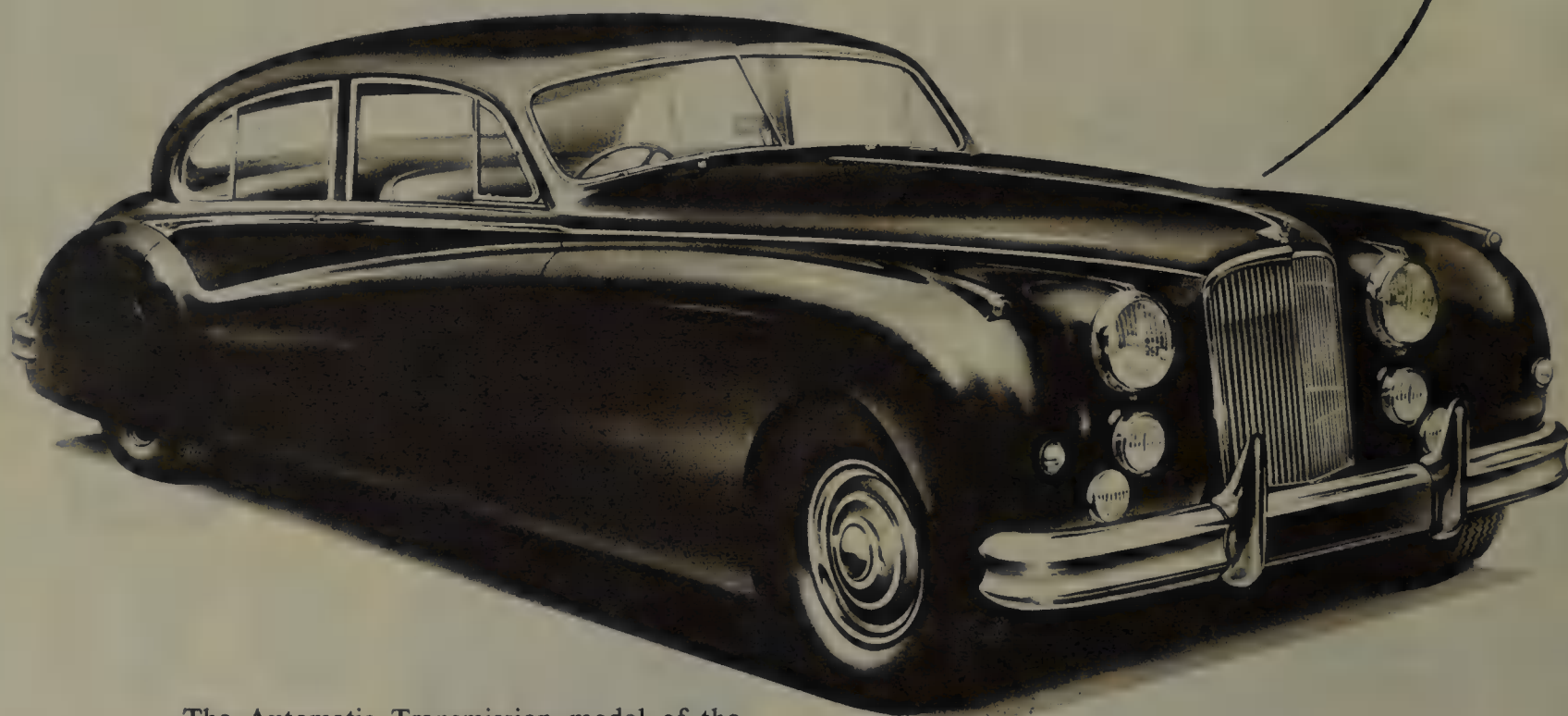
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Artist's impression of completed dam, one of the many contracts handled by Tarmac Civil Engineering Division.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1956.



TO PRESENT HIS FIRST BUDGET AT A TIME OF GREAT ECONOMIC DIFFICULTY: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

On April 17 the Right Hon. Harold Macmillan, P.C., M.P., will be facing his most difficult task so far since he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Government changes which were announced on December 20. Mr. Macmillan has already introduced important measures to meet the difficult economic situation facing the Government. It is expected that the forthcoming Budget will help to clarify the Government's economic policy. Mr. Macmillan, who is sixty-two years old, first entered Parliament in 1924 as Member for Stockton-on-Tees. He

has sat as Member for Bromley since 1945. His first Government appointment was that of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply. He had held several ministerial appointments, including those of Minister of Housing and Local Government and of Minister of Defence, before he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in April of last year. Mr. R. A. Butler, his predecessor as Chancellor of the Exchequer, now holds the office of Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons. [A portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IF the cinema industry had to depend on a population of filmgoers with the entertainment habits of the writer of this page, it would face, I fear, a pretty grim time. Over the last forty years I reckon my average attendance at the cinema at being rather under one in every other year! No one would ever award me an "Oscar" for stimulating any branch of the industry's activities, though I did once compère an educational film on the development of the science of illumination, which I suppose might qualify me as a kind of very low-scale and unsuccessful ex-film star. Possibly because of my lack of film-going experience—on the same principle that nineteenth-century South Sea Islanders were so susceptible to measles—I thought it a most interesting film, even though, like all films, it was a little tedious to make. It contained some fascinating shots of primitive stone oil-dips and Roman lamps, and one of a mediæval monastery lit up, which had much the same effect on me as a close-up of Miss Marilyn Monroe appears to have on the more typical filmgoer, and also another which I greatly enjoyed of an eighteenth-century family going to bed by candlelight. What, however, I remember most vividly about the experience was that, after spending the whole morning repeatedly re-filming my own modest appearances and utterances—one of which was to expatiate on the great advantage enjoyed by modern man in being able to switch on the electric light whenever he required it—the whole thing had to be shot again owing to the fact that during the morning's filming, unknown to the technicians and actors taking part, there had been a prolonged power-cut! I suggested that this should be embodied in the film itself to show that progress in the science of illumination was, as in other sciences, a less certain process than was usually supposed, but my suggestion, which would at least have added a good laugh to the film, was not adopted!

What reminded me of this was that the other day I went to see Sir Laurence Olivier's fine production of "Richard III." It was the first time I had ever seen Shakespeare on the screen, and I was much interested. In some ways I was disappointed, not with the film as a medium for presenting Shakespeare, but because I felt that not quite enough use had been made in the production of Shakespeare himself. In other words, there seemed to me to be rather too much cinema art, too much dumb-show and too little of Shakespeare's magical use of language. But this is a criticism which probably arises from my gross lack of familiarity with the cinema and one which is almost entirely academic. For the very talented, experienced and, I feel, public-spirited producers of the film were, in the nature of things, confronted with the primary problem of every artist—that of satisfying the patron for whom the work of art is being made. This particular film was not made for what the industry calls eggheads, like me; if it had been, it would, no doubt, have been a different kind of film. It was made for the ordinary British filmgoer of the mid-twentieth century—the kind one can see milling about in Leicester Square or Piccadilly Circus about the hour the cinema programmes change any evening. In other words, not a particularly cultivated or educated type, though sound at heart and with plenty of shrewd horse-sense. Which, when one comes to think of it, is much the sort of audience for which Shakespeare himself wrote his blood-and-thunder plays—those gallery-rousing melodramas, full of murders and crude horrors, like "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar." Like my friend, Sir Laurence Olivier, Shakespeare knew his business; those who visited him at Hall Place in his latter days, I have no doubt, saw the evidences of it all round them, in the comfort and good living he dispensed from his beautiful home beside the Avon. He had made it all out of pleasing the groundlings, and richly deserved every penny he made, just as Sir Laurence Olivier richly deserves every penny and dollar he makes—and a great many more, no doubt, than the Revenue Authorities leave him—for the pleasure and delight he gives and has given to millions. And in pleasing the man-in-the-street of his own crude and boisterous age this wonderful artist, who worked for the entertainment industry of Elizabethan and Jacobean London 350 years ago, created situations and expounded them in words which convey eternal truths with a force and pathos that can move every type of man and woman in every age. He did not, I feel certain, set out to do this deliberately, as he set out to please the groundlings and make money; that is not the way great artists work. Great art arises whenever a man of instinctive genius and profound perception uses a craft of which he is a practised master to solve some particular technical problem

and puts his whole heart, soul and mind into the business of solving it. This is true whether he is writing a play or a novel or a biography or even a treatise on sailing or a report on a cricket match, like Mr. Uffa Fox or Mr. Neville Cardus; whether he is painting a picture or composing a symphony or building a house or a municipal swimming-bath; whether he is working for a low-brow patron or a highbrow one, a democracy or an oligarchy or an absolute monarchy. Thus Shakespeare, writing the crudest of melodramas, embodying the crudest of contemporary ideological propaganda—for the victor of Bosworth Field was the grandfather of England's reigning Queen—for an audience composed largely of rowdy and ill-educated London apprentices, inserted into the preposterous and impossible wooing scene between the villain Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne a single line, "I would I knew thy heart"—which is so expressive of wooed womanhood in all situations and ages that it causes one, as one hears or reads it, to catch one's breath at the sudden recognition of its essential truth and profundity. Shakespeare's plays are full of this sort of thing; so are the films of that great and original artist, Charlie Chaplin. One can search for them in vain in the productions of the intellectual prigs who deliberately set out to write masterpieces of what they sententiously call artistic integrity; which is why what is sometimes served up in the name of the higher Culture on, say, the B.B.C.'s

Third Programme seems dreary and pretentious. Great art is always, in part, an organic thing springing from the artist's subconscious being; it is the technique through which he expresses it in order to reach his audience that is laboured.

Shakespeare was both a superb craftsman and a great artist, interpreting and expressing the human subconscious. That is why his plays have an eternal validity as plays; they both fill the till in the box-office and stir the heart. Naturally, when translated to the cinema, Shakespeare's own theatre technique needs both modifying and expanding by the technique of the cinema just as Shakespeare himself, had he been living to-day and an employee of the film industry, would have adapted and expanded it. There is so much that Shakespeare wanted to express that the restricted technique of the Elizabethan theatre gave him only a limited scope for expressing; he would undoubtedly have seized the opportunities offered by the cinema with delight. I thought, for instance, that the introductory captions at the beginning of the film "Richard III" were most moving; they conveyed what Shakespeare seeks to convey in the great set speeches of his historical dramas—the sense of England and England's living history that those plays sought to communicate. But I could have wished that the film, brilliantly though it reproduced the details of contemporary mediæval life, could have conveyed to the

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 12, 1856.



"NEW UNIFORMS OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY."

"During the last few years we have witnessed several changes in the habiliments of our gallant soldiers—changes which have not always secured public admiration on the score of taste, however desirable they may have been in other respects. Next month, that most brilliant arm of the service, the Cavalry, is to appear in new regimentals, the general effect of which may be seen from the illustration. . . . The principal alteration is in the substitution of the German frock for the coatee. Henceforth our stalwart Dragoons will wear a dress more in harmony with that of civilians; while in the disuse of epaulets, which is another distinctive feature, the officers, if they lose one of the symbols of their rank, will also be saved the cost of an expensive and not very handsome distinction. Gold lace, however, will not be dispensed with . . ."

audience more of the central historical reality of Shakespeare's play, which is not merely the crude villainy of Richard but the disaster that befalls a nation when power is unrestrained and exercised without reference to law and justice. What happened in Richard III's England, at any rate in the Tudor view of it (which is much more likely to be near the contemporary truth than our more distant view of it), was what happened on a larger scale in Hitler's Germany. Richard III's soliloquies of villainy, crude and exaggerated though they are, ought not to make the groundlings laugh, for if they do, it means that the real horror of the theme is not being fully communicated to the audience. To take a contemporary analogy, a film about Hitler in which the scene shifted from one of the Dictator's carpet-eating rages to the extermination-chamber at Auschwitz would fail in dramatic intensity if the former evoked laughter. Where Shakespeare's historical plays are so wonderful is in the way in which they communicate to the audience the sense of England as a living and continuous force in which every member of the audience shares. And "Richard III" is a play in which Shakespeare sets out to tell how England was outraged—outraged, not by a foreign conqueror, but by a maniac who subjected her laws, her transmitted decencies, her morality of Christian justice to his power-mad will as Tarquin subjected the body and soul of Lucrece to his lust. It is perhaps a theme too hard to put on the stage, which is why it is a less moving play to watch than "Henry V" or than that greatest of all Shakespeare's historical plays, the two parts of "Henry IV." But I think Shakespeare's play as written comes rather nearer to doing this than the film version, brilliantly though the latter was acted and produced. None the less, I feel that even this criticism of the film is ungrateful, for it was a great public service to have produced it at all and a noble contribution to enlarging popular comprehension of England's historic heritage.



THE SOUTHERN FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SOUTH KENSINGTON, COLLCUTT'S MASTERPIECE—AS IT IS TO-DAY, SHOWING THE FINE AND DOMINANT TOWER.

IN October last year plans for the development of the Imperial College of Science and Technology were outlined, involving the use of the Kensington site enclosed by Exhibition Road, Imperial Institute Road, Prince Consort Road and Queen's Gate. These plans appeared to threaten the Imperial Institute building; and early this year it was announced in the Lords and on February 10 repeated in a Parliamentary written answer that the Government intended to proceed with the plan and, despite the recommendations of the Royal Fine Art Commission, to demolish the Imperial Institute *in toto*. This

[Continued opposite.



THE FAÇADE (BY MR. GRAHAM DRAWBARN) WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE—IN MODEL FORM. THE WESTERN WING HAS SINCE BEEN AMENDED TO INCORPORATE AN EXISTING NORMAN SHAW HOUSE, AT THE QUEEN'S GATE CORNER.

[Continued.] announcement produced a storm of protest from many leaders of the architectural profession and innumerable lovers of London. The Imperial Institute was built in 1887-93 by public and Government subscription (and indeed needs an Act of Parliament for its destruction); and it is regarded as the masterpiece of the architect, T. E. Colcutt (1840-1924); and the campanile is indeed one of the outstanding beauties of the Kensington and western London skyline. On March 14, in the Lords, Lord Salisbury, speaking for the Government, said that they were ready to consider any new factors which would enable a solution to be reached over the proposed demolition. He also said: "I don't believe that that building is of the importance which has suddenly been wished upon it."

THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION—IN THE NEED FOR MORE TECHNOLOGISTS: THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE TOWER.
Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

AN OUTCOME OF MIDDLE-EASTERN TENSION : WITH THE ISRAELI WOMEN'S SERVICES.



CLIMBING OBSTACLES WHILE FULLY ARMED : PART OF THE ARDUOUS BASIC TRAINING THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ISRAEL'S FIGHTING FORCES UNDERGO DURING THEIR COMPULSORY SERVICE.



PRACTISING FIGHTING IN THE OPEN : ISRAEL'S WOMEN SOLDIERS IN A CRAWLING EXERCISE ARE WATCHED BY THEIR INSTRUCTOR.



RESPONSIBLE FOR TRAINING ISRAEL'S WOMEN'S ARMY : COLONEL DINAH WERTH, O/C. THE RECRUIT ESTABLISHMENT.



MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY : SOME OF THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL'S ARMED SERVICES SHOWING THE DISCIPLINED VERVE AND SPIRIT OF A HIGHLY-TRAINED, CONFIDENT FORCE.



The position of Israel in the modern world is fraught with peril. Hemmed in by hostile Arab states, whose forces are numerically superior and whose armed potential has been increased enormously in recent months by the influx of Soviet jet aircraft, tanks and artillery, Israel, with its small population of just over one and a half millions, needs to utilise every able-bodied man and woman in order to put itself in the state of preparedness that the present Middle East situation demands. Military service in Israel is compulsory for everybody at the age of eighteen. Women serve for two years and men for two and a half. Married women are exempted, but marriage at eighteen is exceptional. If a woman is married during her period of national service she continues with it for the prescribed term, often going to the barracks daily in calmer lands women go to their offices. Many, indeed, work as secretaries, telephone operators, nurses, and in other jobs having equivalents in civilian life; but

(Continued opposite.)

(LEFT.) TRAINING A YOUNG RECRUIT IN THE ART OF THROWING A GRENADE. IN AN EMERGENCY ISRAEL'S WOMEN WOULD FIGHT TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY.



THROWING A GRENADE IS LIKE BOWLING A CRICKET BALL. YOUNG ISRAELI WOMEN BEING INSTRUCTED IN THE CORRECT STANCE.

ON PARADE, AND IN TRAINING: WOMEN OF ISRAEL'S ARMED FORCES TO-DAY.



LISTENING TO INSTRUCTION IN HOW TO HANDLE A RIFLE: YOUNG RECRUITS RECEIVING A VITAL PART OF THEIR INITIAL TRAINING.



MILITARY TRAINING CAN BE FUN. ISRAELI WOMEN KNOW, HOWEVER, THE SERIOUS PURPOSE UNDERLYING IT.



(ABOVE.) GIVING A PHYSICAL FITNESS DISPLAY BEFORE A HAIFA AUDIENCE: WOMEN OF THE ISRAEL DEFENCE FORCES.



LEARNING TO SALUTE. SMARTNESS OF APPEARANCE AND HIGH DISCIPLINE CHARACTERISE ISRAEL'S WOMEN'S ARMY.



A SQUAD AT ARMS DRILL UNDER A CORPORAL: WOMEN OF ISRAEL'S ARMY, DRESSED IN THE OFFICIAL SLACKS, SWEATERS AND BOOTS.

Continued.] whatever their duties, they all undergo arduous military training, learning to handle small arms in case they are ever called upon to use them in their country's defence. The Israeli Air Force, too, offers a variety of occupations for women, including aircraft maintenance, radio and telecommunications, clerical work, and parachute packing. Some women become pilots, which involves an extra year's service. Whatever individual part they may play, the women in Israel's armed forces are an essential part of the services.

(RIGHT.) PREPARING FOR INSPECTION. DISCIPLINE IS AS METICULOUS AS IN A MEN'S UNIT.



CEREMONIES AND PARADES IN AMERICA, HUNGARY AND EGYPT, AND A MOTOR-RACING DISASTER.



(ABOVE.) THE DAWN OF EASTER SUNDAY IN HOLLYWOOD: THE SCENE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL, WHERE SOME 17,000 WORSHIPPERS HAD GATHERED FOR THE EASTER SUN-RISE SERVICE. THE SHELL AND PODIUM WERE DECORATED FOR THIS OCCASION WITH MORE THAN 100,000 ARUM LILIES.

(RIGHT.) NEW YORK'S EASTER PARADE: PART OF THE CROWD OF ABOUT 1,500,000 WHICH THROGGED FIFTH AVENUE—A VIEW FROM 49TH STREET LOOKING NORTHWARDS.



Easter Sunday in New York was brilliant and sunny but also one of the chilliest Easters of recent years; and furs and overcoats were general in the traditional Easter Parade with which the city salutes the spring. As was the case last year, commercialism and freakishness were at a minimum; and the churches along the Avenue were thronged with worshippers. The crowd between 42nd and 53rd Streets at noon was estimated by the police at 1,500,000, or about 500,000 fewer than last Easter.



(RIGHT.) IN THE SHADOW OF STALIN: HUNGARIAN TROOPS PARADING IN BUDAPEST ON APRIL 4, THE ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATION OF HUNGARY.

The recent denunciation of Stalin by the present rulers of Russia appears to have been received in Hungary with apathy by the general public and bewilderment by the Communist Party; and in Hungarian papers this turn in policy has been little stressed. The position of Mr. Rakosi, who is the First Secretary of the party in Hungary, is naturally a little difficult, since he has been described as "the best Hungarian pupil of the great Stalin."



THE END OF A SEVENTY-FOUR-YEAR ERA: THE LAST BRITISH FIGHTING UNITS TO LEAVE EGYPT—MEN OF THE 2ND BN., GRENADIER GUARDS, EMBARKING IN THE TROOPSHIP DEVONSHIRE AT PORT SAID.

On March 31 seventy-four years of British military power in Egypt ended when the last British fighting units in the Suez Canal Zone—the 2nd Bn., Grenadier Guards, and D Squadron, Life Guards—embarked in the troopship *Devonshire* at Abbas Quay, Port Said. This departure was almost devoid of ceremony.



A FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE GOODWOOD MOTOR-RACING MEETING: EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES IN THE D-TYPE JAGUAR CAR IN WHICH MR. A. F. F. DENNIS WAS FATALLY INJURED. THERE WAS A SECOND FATAL ACCIDENT.

The international motor-racing meeting at Goodwood on April 2—the first of the season—was marred by two fatal accidents, Mr. Dennis being killed when his Jaguar overturned in the sports car race, and Mr. A. P. O. Rogers in his Sun-Pat Special in the first race. There were well two narrow escapes.

IN THE TROUBLED ISLAND OF CYPRUS: SECURITY ACTION AND TERRORIST ACTS.



DURING THE EASTER CURFEW IN NICOSIA: HERE A COFFIN, WHICH WAS BEING BROUGHT INTO THE TOWN, HAS BEEN OPENED TO SHOW THAT IT CONTAINS NO ARMS.



IN THE VILLAGE OF PHRENAROS, WHERE AN OFFICER AND PRIVATE OF THE LEICESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY WERE KILLED: AN OFFICER SEARCHING A FIRE-GUTTED COFFEE HOUSE.



REMOVING A WALL SAFE FROM KYKKO MONASTERY, WEST OF NICOSIA, FOUND DURING A SEARCH. IT WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN FIFTY-THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE.



DURING THE SEARCH OF KYKKO MONASTERY: AN OFFICER OF THE SOUTH STAFFS BEING LOWERED INTO AN 80-FT. WELL. DURING THIS SEARCH AN EOKA DUPLICATING MACHINE WAS FOUND.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, INSPECTING HANDED-IN SHOTGUNS, STORED IN SECRET DEPOTS FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING INSPECTING THE HERMES AIRLINER WHICH WAS WRECKED BY A BOMB ON MARCH 4, SHORTLY BEFORE IT WAS TO TRANSPORT SERVICEMEN.



A GREEK CYPRIOT FARMER OF PHRENAROS, WHO CLAIMED THAT BRITISH TROOPS COMMITTED ATROCITIES DURING A SEARCH.



THE FUNERAL OF THE FIRST BRITISH CIVILIAN TO BE KILLED IN CYPRUS: BEARERS CARRYING THE COFFIN OF MR. J. C. COOKE, SHOT ON APRIL 1.

Although the anniversary of Eoka terrorism in Cyprus, which fell on April 1, passed off relatively quietly, there has been little interruption in the tension in the island. On April 1 the first British civilian to be killed in the island was shot by terrorists in the main street of Limassol. He was Mr. J. C. Cooke, a War Office civilian employee, who had arrived in Cyprus only three days previously. A search of the village of Phrenaros, in which a British officer and private were killed and a

coffee shop burnt out, led to charges of atrocities by British troops, which have been officially denied. On April 7 two British regular officers were found guilty by a court martial of ill-treating a Cypriot detainee and conspiring to pervert the course of justice; and were sentenced to be cashiered. Kykko monastery, in the mountains 62 miles west of Nicosia, was searched by troops on March 31; and explosives and a duplicating machine and an Eoka leaflet were found there.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH—ROBERT WALPOLE.

"SIR ROBERT WALPOLE: THE MAKING OF A STATESMAN." By J. H. PLUMB.*

▲ Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is the first volume of a new life of Sir Robert Walpole. It takes his story on to 1722, when he was forty-six years of age and entering on that long period of power which has led to his being commonly described as the First Prime Minister. The description is doubtful. We are certain that day and night exist, but would be hard put to it to say at what particular moment one ends and the other begins: if the shifty Harley, under whom Walpole served his apprenticeship as a Minister, wasn't Prime Minister, I don't see what else he could be called. At any rate, this volume ends with Walpole's accession (under the King and the King's two German mistresses, one very fat and one very skinny, but both very powerful) to the most influential position in the State.

How he reached that eminence, and evolved from an impoverished and recklessly extravagant Norfolk squire into an immensely rich and recklessly extravagant grandee is Dr. Plumb's theme. His book is (in the best sense of the term) extremely solid, and fortified by an immense number of documents, many of which have escaped the poring eye of Archdeacon Coxe (who wrote the hitherto best book about Walpole 150 years ago) and the eagle eye of Sir Winston Churchill. But though solid, it isn't stodgy. And his last paragraph shows that he has a dramatic sense, not commonly possessed by modern history dons. It runs: "Walpole's emergence was a triumph of character, strongly aided by luck; his rôle in the South Sea crisis has been widely misinterpreted, the strength and power of Sunderland belittled. Until April 1722, there was no certainty that Walpole would ever become the King's first servant. His qualities were known—his mastery of complex details, his ability with figures, his capacity for work, the range of his memory, the quickness of his judgment, the strength of his resolution. Yet the King, and his courtiers, and most men in office, feared, disliked and envied him. He liked power too openly. He knew too decidedly what he wanted to do. He was impatient of restraint and frankly contemptuous of lesser men, and these qualities might have prevented his rise to power, but for the happy accident of the deaths of his enemies. No picture is falsier than that

exploited. In his handling of the crisis he showed qualities of statesmanship of the highest order. He preserved the structure of government at a time when it could easily have dissolved in chaos. The skill displayed in his financial arrangements at this time is, however, a myth of the historian. They were technically useless. What he should be praised for is this: he checked a return to the chaotic politics of Anne's reign. Vengeance and justice, so morally satisfying, could only have destroyed the growing strength of the monarchy, jeopardized the Succession, and split the Whigs for a generation. True, his policy was in line with his own interests. Walpole never denied it. As he himself said, he was not 'a saint or a reformer.' His ambitions were narrow—pre-eminence for himself;

Had the Stuarts come out on top instead of the Germans there is a likelihood that the heads of some of the other party might have fallen.

Those last years of Queen Anne were a dangerous time for prominent politicians, and some of them

took pains to insure themselves by secret double-dealing. This doesn't make their real characters any more interesting or comprehensible. Walpole, when he reached his prime, was more consistent than most: peace and prosperity were his aims, and he knew that the second depended on the first and that war, though profitable to the money-lenders, was ruinous to the lesser landowners, who were heavily taxed to pay the money-lenders their interest. But financially, his proceedings were very dubious. He was indignant at being imprisoned for an act of peculation which was minor and from which he did not personally profit, merely because the host of Tory squires regarded their opponents as foxes to be hunted and broken up. But he did accumulate a vast fortune by speculation if not by peculation, and his wholesale participation in the smuggling of brandy, wine, lace and such commodities was, to say the least, reprehensible. "Long afterwards, when Walpole was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was still buying contraband lace from Holland. In this he was not alone; many great men did likewise. Did they perhaps feel a twitch of conscience as their coaches lumbered by a gibbet, creaking with a smuggler's corpse."

Dr. Plumb is refreshingly free from echoing other men's opinions. For instance, ever since Macaulay there has been a parrot-like custom of treating the whole body of Tory squires as a mob of boorish and



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: DR. J. H. PLUMB.

Dr. J. H. Plumb, who was born in 1911, was educated at Alderman Newton's School, Leicester; University College, Leicester, and Christ's College, Cambridge. He is at present a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in History. His publications include "England in the Eighteenth Century" and "Chatham." A book on the First Four Georges is being published later this year.



"A SLENDER ROUND-FACED GIRL WITH LARGE, FULL LIPS AND LUMINOUS EYES": CATHERINE WALPOLE (NÉE SHORTER), WHO MARRIED ROBERT WALPOLE IN 1700.

(From a portrait attributed to Sir Godfrey Kneller, reproduced by kind permission of the Marquess of Cholmondeley.)

peace and prosperity for his country. After a long, and frequently discreditable, struggle, he had achieved the power he sought. It remains to be seen how he used it." In other words, and in serial terms, "Another exciting instalment next week."

I look forward to Dr. Plumb's later volume, or volumes, with interest: he is so thorough an investigator and so honest a commentator, a man in search of facts, and not selecting or suppressing facts in order to support some theory about past history or some doctrine about present history. But I wish he could have found a subject more congenial to me. When I was a boy the first notion I had about Sir Robert Walpole (apart from the notion that he was the first Prime Minister, in the modern sense) was derived from a remark of Dr. Johnson to the effect that Sir Robert said that, at his table, he "always talked bawdy, for in that all could join." This left me with the impression of a lusty, coarse, jolly, uproarious Squire Western of a man; but it was a very lop-sided picture: Walpole drank heartily, and had no reservations about seduction, but, at bottom, he was more Squire Machiavelli than Squire Western. He was resolved to "get on," none too particular about the way in which he did so, and astute in the course he steered among the shoals and currents of the day. So difficult were the times that even he, afterwards so successful, was expelled from the Commons for alleged corruption when at the War Office, and actually incarcerated in the Tower. From that place he wrote to his sister Dorothy what Dr. Plumb calls "one of the very rare letters that betray his feelings." Only a few mice-chewed scraps remain, but this much has been deciphered: "Dear Dolly, You [MS. illegible] hear from me from this place but I am sure it will be a satisfaction to you to know that this barbarous injustice being only the effect of party malice, does not concern me at all and I heartily despise what I shall one day revenge, my innocence was so evident that I am confident that they [that voted me] guilty did not believe me so [the rest illegible]." "Revenge": Bolingbroke, when he fled overseas to the Pretender, thought he was saving his head, and probably was.



"FOR THIRTY YEARS THEY (ROBERT WALPOLE AND LORD TOWNSHEND) REMAINED CLOSE FRIENDS AND ARDENT COLLEAGUES AND THEIR NAMES ARE FOREVER LINKED IN THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THEIR COUNTRY": CHARLES, 2ND VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND (1674-1738).

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Marquess Townshend.) Illustrations reproduced from the book "Sir Robert Walpole"; by courtesy of the publishers, Cresset Press.

which portrays Walpole riding to power on the crest of a wave of public opinion. In 1721 he was the most execrated and despised man in public life, hated, indeed, far more intensely than Sunderland or the South Sea Directors. The Bubble certainly made Walpole, though only by providing him with unlooked-for political opportunities which he seized and



ROBERT WALPOLE AS SECRETARY-AT-WAR (1708-10), FROM A PORTRAIT BY CHARLES JERVAS.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Marquess of Cholmondeley.)

bibulous rustics. Such doubtless existed, but the view that they were the rule can be utterly demolished by the contemplation of the libraries which hundreds of them accumulated and many of which still exist in the houses for which they were bought, and attest the cultivation and the wide interests of their owners. Walpole was not notable among these: nor in any other way a sympathetic character. Dr. Plumb doesn't even seem to like him very much himself. But his telling of the tangled tale is masterly.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 320 of this issue.

* "Sir Robert Walpole: The Making of a Statesman." By J. H. Plumb. Illustrated. (Cresset Press; 30s.)



A BRIGHT ROOM WITH COMFORTABLE CHINTZ-COVERED FURNITURE: THE SALON OF THE OFFICIAL LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, HERR VON HERWARTH AND HIS WIFE.



PREPARING FOR A DINNER-PARTY IN THE OAK-PANELLED DINING-ROOM: THE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE.



THE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE HAS HER PRIVATE APARTMENTS. HERE THE SAME ATMOSPHERE OF COMFORT, WARMTH AND SIMPLICITY PREVAILS.

COMFORT AND SIMPLICITY IN A DIPLOMAT'S HOME: THE OFFICIAL LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

The search by the German Ambassador to this country, Herr Hans Heinrich Herwarth, and his wife, for an official residence in London ended in September last year with their occupation of 14, Hyde Park Gardens. Here they have built their home, surrounding themselves with their personal treasures and injecting into each room something of their own tastes. Comfort is the keynote. The large collection of books and china amassed by the Ambassador during

his travels is displayed in the new house without ostentation. The furniture is simple and pleasant, the decoration largely cream-coloured; family portraits appear on the walls. In the Salon, bright chintzes predominate, and in all rooms cushions and easy chairs flanked by low tables give the impression of a private home imbued with the personality of its occupants rather than the magnificent official residence of a career diplomat.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL LIGHT ON BIBLICAL HISTORY: EXCAVATING THE GREAT CANAANITE CITY OF HAZOR WHICH JOSHUA OVERTHREW.

By YIGAL YADIN, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem; and Director of the James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor.

(The James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor operates on behalf of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, with funds contributed by the P.J.C.A., the Anglo-Israel Exploration Committee (headed by Sir Maurice Bloch, Mr. Israel Sieff, and Dr. A. Lerner) and the Government of Israel. The director was ably assisted by Mr. M. Donayevsky (the expedition's architect) and Mrs. T. Dotan (in charge of registration and records of the pottery), as well as the members of the staff who are mentioned in the course of this article. Photographs by J. Schweig, Chief Photographer to the expedition.)

WE have been engaged in the archaeological investigation of the Biblical city of Hazor—that important centre in the time of Joshua of which it was written in the Bible "For Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms" (Joshua xi, 10). The location of the city, investigation of its strata, fixing the date of its final destruction, piecing together its military, social, economic and political pattern from the pottery, sculpture, architecture, the subjects and technical standard of its art, and—if we are lucky—any letters or documents, will provide Biblical scholars and historians of the period and the area with a point of reference of immense significance. For Hazor was a city of undoubtedly high importance in early ages. Apart from the numerous Biblical references, Hazor is one of the few Palestinian cities of antiquity on which there are historical data in ancient literary pre-Biblical documents from Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Hazor is even mentioned in the Egyptian Execration texts of the 19th century B.C. These texts list the potential enemies in the distant provinces of the Egyptian Empire. Two of the most recently published (cuneiform) letters from the important archives of Mari—the modern Tell Hariri on the Middle Euphrates—written circa 1700 B.C.—inform the King of Mari that messengers from various cities in Mesopotamia are on their way to Hazor. Another letter tells the king that a caravan had arrived from Hazor and Qatna, accompanied by Babylonian envoys.

Hazor is later mentioned among the conquered cities by the Pharaohs Thutmose III, Amen-hotep II and Seti I. An interesting allusion to Hazor is found in the famous Papyrus Anastasi I (13th century B.C.), in which Hori, a royal official, challenges Amen-em-Opet the Scribe, to answer a number of military and topographical questions. It seems like some ancient military quiz game. One of the questions Hori asks is "Where does the mahir (a swift military courier) make the journey to Hazor? What is its stream like?"

Perhaps the most important references to Hazor in these ancient documents are in the famous letters (14th century B.C.) found in the archives of El-Amarna, in Egypt. In no less than four letters, the subject of the correspondence is Hazor. In two of them the kings of Tyre and Astaroth, respectively, complain that Abdi-Tarshi, the King of Hazor, had rebelled against the Pharaoh, and captured several of the plaintiff's cities. The other two letters are from the King of Hazor, denying the charges.

But it is in the Bible that Hazor really comes into its own as a key city of obvious strategic importance, through the references in the book of Joshua and the Deborah narrative in Judges. The victory of Joshua by the "waters of Merom," in the Bible account, marks a decisive phase in the conquest of Northern Canaan: "And Joshua at that time turned back, and took Hazor, and smote the King thereof with the sword: for Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms . . . and he burnt Hazor with fire" (Joshua xi, 10, 11).

Later, during the period of the Judges it was against Jabin, King of Hazor, that the Israelite had to fight. "And the Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin King of Canaan, that reigned in Hazor; the captain of whose host was Sisera, which dwelt in Harosheth of the Gentiles" (Judges IV, 2). And they went to battle under the inspiration of Deborah and the command of Barak "And the hand of the children of Israel prospered, and prevailed against Jabin the King of Canaan, until they had destroyed Jabin King of Canaan" (Judges IV, 24). This battle which took place in "Taanach by the waters of Megiddo" (Judges V, 19) marks the beginning of the final phase of the subjugation of the Canaanites.

Two later Biblical passages make mention of Hazor. Solomon rebuilt Hazor and Megiddo and Gezer (I Kings, IX, 15), the three strategic cities dominating the plains of Huleh, Jezreel and Ayalon (modern Latrun) and turned them into royal cities apparently as garrisons for his hosts of chariots. The last we hear of Hazor in the Bible is that "In

the days of Pekah King of Israel came Tiglath Pileser (the third) King of Assyria, and took Ijon and Abel-Beth-Maacha, and Janoah and Kedesh and Hazor and Gilead and Galilee, and the land of Naphtali, and carried them captive to Assyria" (II Kings, XV, 29) in the year 732 B.C.E.

The latest historical reference to Hazor is in the Book of the Maccabees I, xi, 63, in which we are told that Jonathan the Hashmonean fought against Demetrius (147 B.C.E.) "in the plain of Hazor."

It was these Biblical chronicles that led Professor J. Garstang to suggest the location of Hazor as being within the ruins of the big Tell el Qedah, or Waqas, in the Huleh plain. These ruins lie at the foot of the eastern ridge of the upper Galilee mountain range, about 8½ miles (14 kms.)

2. A large rectangular plateau. This area, 1312 yards (1200 metres) long, with an average width of 765 yards (700 metres), lies to the immediate north of the mound. It, too, is raised from three surrounding wadis on its north, east and southern sides, and their steep slopes are strengthened by the addition of glacis, the western side of the plateau specially protected by a large wall of "beaten-earth" which rises to a further height of about 16 yards (15 metres). The thickness of this wall at its base is about 109 yards (100 metres). And outside it and running parallel to it is a large moat. The whole area is thus a well-fortified enclosure. This type of site, large in area and fortified by beaten earth wall, glacis and moat, is quite rare. Only in Charchemish and Qatna is there anything comparable in character and size, and this led Garstang to suggest that the "camp enclosure was large enough to accommodate in emergency 30,000 men with a corresponding number of horses and chariots."

Professor J. Garstang was prompted to make his soundings in Hazor in 1928, by his desire to fix the date of the exodus and occupation of the country by Joshua. Unfortunately, apart from a brief description in his famous book "Joshua, Judges," his results were never published in detail. His main conclusion was that during the 15th century B.C.—the period in which, according to him, the story of Joshua began—the camp-enclosure "was apparently occupied only by temporary structures" (p. 185). Moreover, he reached the firm conclusion that during the 14th–13th centuries B.C. Hazor's days as an important city were past—a conclusion that baffled most scholars who believed that it was precisely during this period that the main phase of the Exodus and conquest of Canaan

occurred. Garstang based his conclusion on "the complete absence of Mycenaean specimens" (p. 383); (Mycenaean pottery appears in the Middle East only after about 1400 B.C. and disappears in the end of the 13th century B.C.). This was very disturbing to many scholars who thought that the final phase of the conquest was in the 13th century B.C.

The James A. de Rothschild Expedition had the following objectives for its first season's dig (August, September, October 1955)—the first of four campaigns: (a) To gather data for the determination of the material culture of northern Palestine, since up to that moment no serious excavations had been carried out north of the Sea of Galilee.

(b) To uncover the Israelite strata on the mound proper and to establish the date of its destruction.

(c) To examine the character and nature of the big enclosure; was it just a "camp" or a real city?

If a city, when was it finally destroyed? For these purposes the excavations were carried out in five different areas simultaneously: Areas A and B, on the mound proper, and Areas C, D and E, within the rectangular enclosure.

The results of the first season's dig can be summarised as follows:

AREA A (excavated under the supervision of Dr. Y. Aharoni) was chosen near a row of columns discovered by Garstang in the centre of the mound, attributed by him to the Solomonic period, and considered to be part of a stable (Fig. 6). Four strata, each representing a different city, were uncovered. The first—nearest the surface—contained the remains of a city dating back to the end of the 8th and beginning of the 7th century B.C., and is believed to have been a modest settlement built on the ruins of the city captured by Tiglath Pileser III. The second stratum revealed a city very effectively destroyed by fire.

Its roofs had fallen in. The many beautiful vessels of basalt and pottery found still intact in their original places suggest that the population had fled in haste and had not returned. The date of the destruction, ascertained with the aid of the pottery, was the second half of the 8th century B.C. It was therefore assumed by us that this must be the city referred to above, and which is known from outer sources to have been destroyed by Tiglath Pileser III in 732 B.C. The third stratum city contained typical 9th- and 8th-century pottery. The fourth stratum contained many vessels of the Samaria type and for this and other reasons we fixed the date of its construction, tentatively, to the period of Ahab (874–852 B.C.). The most important structure in this stratum is a large public building with two rows each of nine monolithic columns, 2 metres high, some still

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 1. A MAP OF NORTHERN ISRAEL, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF HAZOR AND ITS RELATION TO THE SEA OF GALILEE AND LAKE HULEH, AND THE NEAR-BY COUNTRIES OF LEBANON, SYRIA AND JORDAN.



FIG. 2. A SHERD BEARING TWO LETTERS "LT" IN PROTO-SINAITIC SCRIPT, THE FIRST OF ITS TYPE TO BE FOUND IN GALILEE. IT COMES FROM A 13TH-CENTURY LEVEL AND IS SIMILAR TO AN INSCRIPTION AT LACHISH.

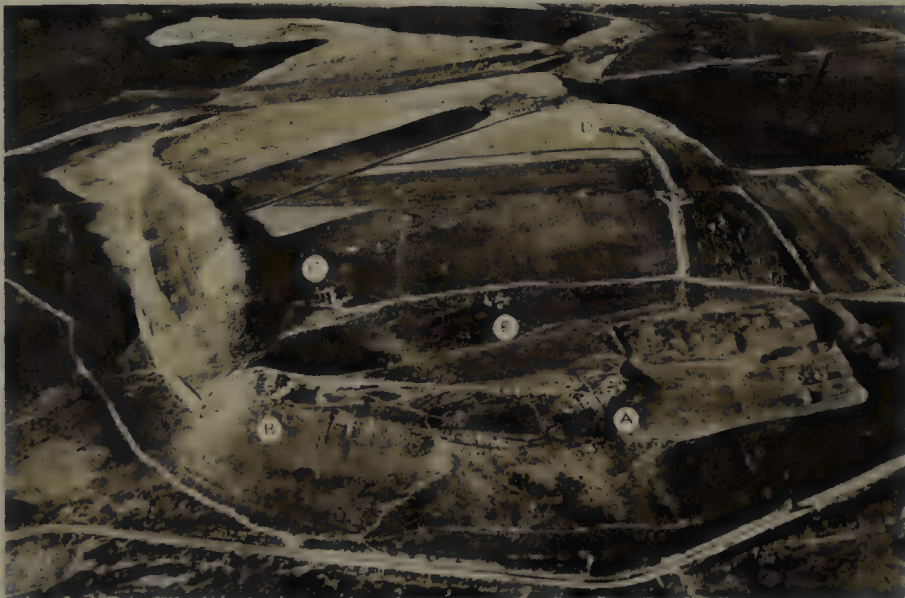


FIG. 3. THE HUGE TELL FORMED BY THE MANY CITIES OF HAZOR, WITH LETTERS MARKING THE FIVE SITES EXCAVATED DURING THE FIRST SEASON'S WORK BY THE EXPEDITION.

In the foreground and left are the great walls; and behind them lies the plateau-like enclosure. At A seven Israelite cities, all within 500 years, were found; at B several citadels, the latest Hellenistic, the oldest Israelite; at C part of a vast city of the late Bronze Age; and at D and E confirmation digs in the same 13th-century B.C. city.

due north of the Sea of Galilee, and about 5 miles (8 kms.) south-west of Lake Huleh. The site is located in one of the most strategic areas of ancient Palestine—dominating all branches of the famous Via Maris, leading from Egypt to Mesopotamia, Syria and Anatolia; and right on the main highway to the north, while the present road to Damascus runs about 1½ miles (2 kms.) to the south (Fig. 1).

The site comprises two distinct areas (Fig. 3):

1. The Tell; this is a bottle-shaped mound extending about 656 yards (600 metres), its "neck" in the west and its "base" in the east, and having an average width of about 218 yards (200 metres). Its area is more than 25 acres. (The area of Megiddo is 15 acres.) Its steep slopes rise from the surrounding wadis to a height of 43 yards (40 metres).

CITIES WHICH JOSHUA AND TIGLATH PILESER SACKED: 1000 YEARS OF HAZOR.

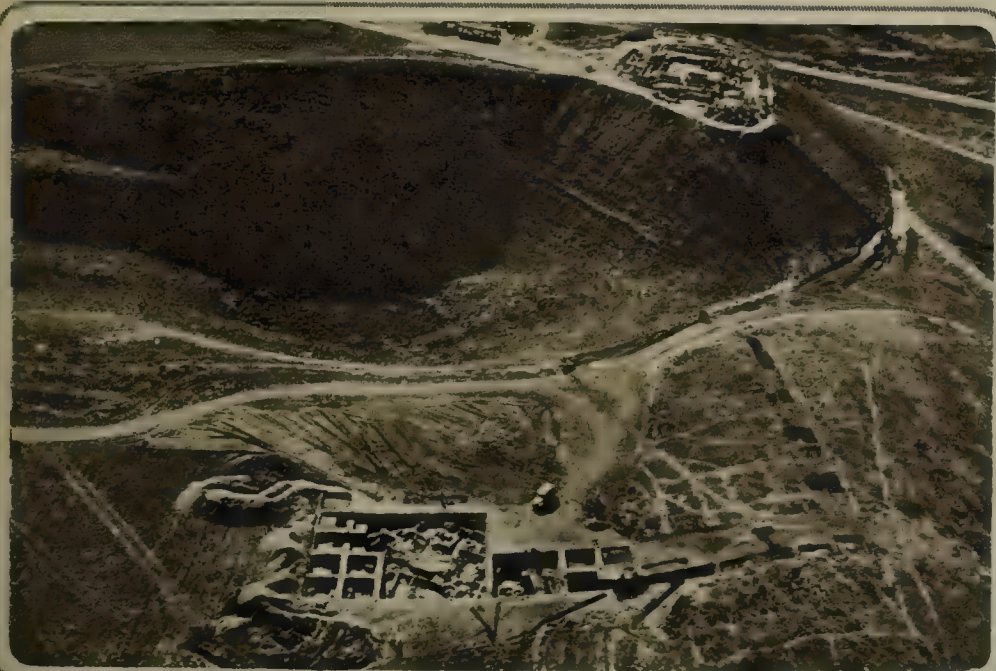


FIG. 4. PART OF THE HUGE HAZOR SITE FROM THE AIR. IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE SPUR, IS AREA B; IN THE FOREGROUND, THE BRONZE AGE SITE C, ON THE RIGHT OF WHICH IS THE TRIAL TRENCH CONTAINING THE "HOLY OF HOLIES."



FIG. 5. AT THE WESTERN TIP OF THE MOUND A CLOSE-UP AERIAL VIEW OF SITE B, ON WHICH WAS FOUND A SERIES OF CITADELS, THE MOST RECENT BELONGING TO THE HELLENISTIC PERIOD, THE OLDEST TO THE ISRAELITE OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

Continued.]

intact. The first row was partially uncovered by Garstang in a very narrow trench and the second was discovered by us. Strata III, II, I all made use of the pillars but in different ways. Stratum III-II embodied them within their walls or demolished those which interfered with their architectural plans. Stratum I embodied the top of the pillars as part of their floors. Although we cannot be certain of the exact function of the building (during both phases of its occupation), we found enough to establish that it could not have been a stable. A narrow trial-trench which we dug just before the [redacted] ended showed that even below stratum IV there are at least another three strata of Iron-Age cities; these will be excavated next season. These seven strata, all encompassed within a period of about [Continued below, left.]



FIG. 6. THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING OF AREA A, EXCAVATED AT THIS STAGE TO THE TIME OF AHAB (874-852 B.C.). PROBABLY A PUBLIC BUILDING WITH AN UPPER STOREY.

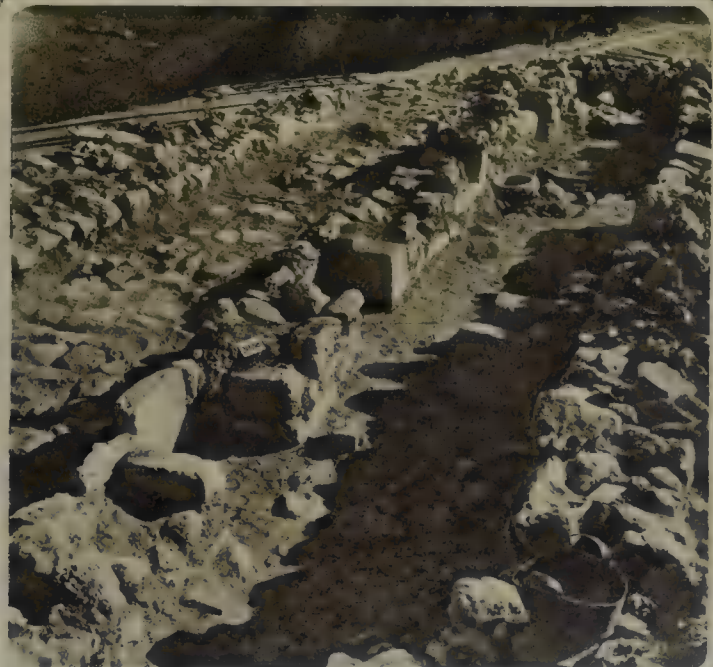


FIG. 7. A DETAIL OF AREA B, SHOWING THE NORTHERN HALL OF THE LAST ISRAELITE PERIOD, RECONSTRUCTED IN PERSIAN TIMES AS A CAVALRY STABLE.



FIG. 8. TWO STAGES OF THE ISRAELITE CITADEL IN AREA B; SHOWING A DRAINAGE OPENING IN THE WALL OF THE LOWER STAGE, WITH A RAMP OF STONES BELOW THE HOLE TO PREVENT EROSION FROM THE FLOW OF WATER.

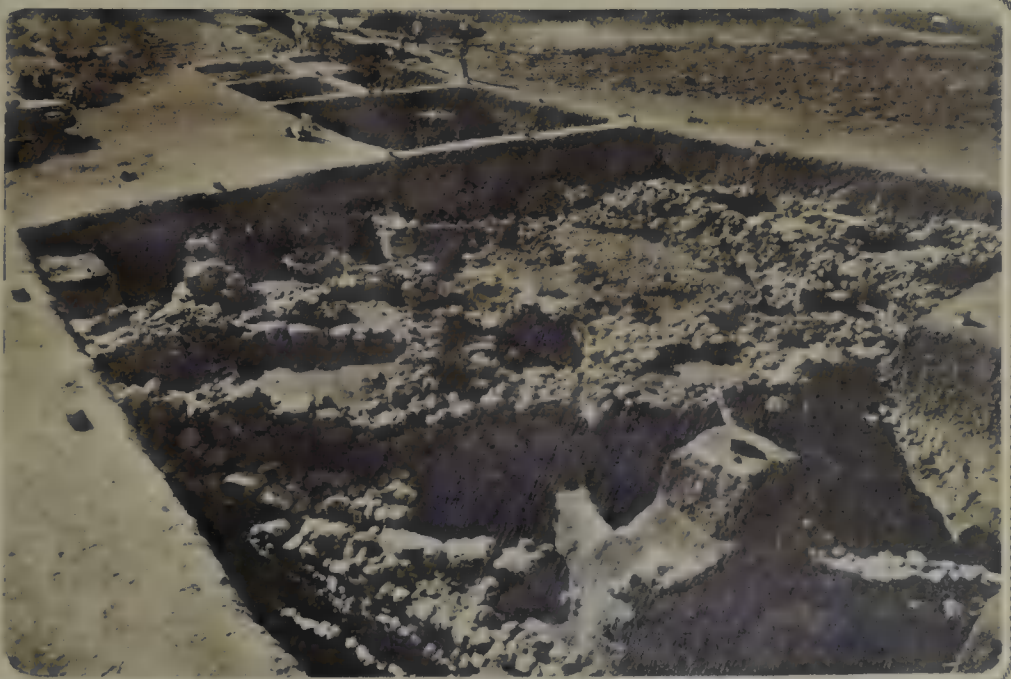


FIG. 9. THREE BRONZE AGE LEVELS REVEALED IN AREA C: A PAVED COURT OF THE 13TH CENTURY WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, PARTS OF THE 17TH-16TH CENTURY AND 18TH-17TH CENTURY CITIES. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE LAST TRIAL TRENCH

Continued.]

500 years, will supply us with most important pottery material classified within a narrow time range. The most important single find in Area A (stratum III) is a bone-handle of a sceptre or mirror (Fig. 19), bearing beautiful and unique carvings of a four-winged figure, holding in its outstretched hands a stylised "Tree of Life," in the so-called Phœnician style. Area B (excavated under the supervision of Mrs. R. B. K. Amiran) is sited at the western tip of the mound at its most fortified point (Figs. 4 and 5). Here were discovered several citadels one on top of the other. The most recent belongs to the Hellenistic period, the oldest to the Israelite. On top of the 9th-century Israelite citadel, which was only partially excavated this season, stood a citadel built some time in the 8th century, but reconstructed and used during the Persian period in the 6th or 5th century B.C. It is in the form of a square, with a central open court flanked on its north and south by oblong halls. The entire building was surrounded by small living-rooms. Its reconstruction included the erection of a partition wall in the northern hall. This wall contained many niches and this, with the discovery of the addition of several crude mangers, suggests that during this period the building served

a small cavalry garrison (Fig. 7). From the Israelite citadel, amongst the important finds is a partly-broken ivory box (Samaria style) bearing carvings of a winged sphinx and a kneeling figure, praying to a "tree of life" (Fig. 20). Part of the big Israelite city wall, 16½ ft. (5 metres) in thickness, and an isolated two-roomed tower, were discovered in the immediate vicinity of the citadel. Area C (excavated under the supervision of Mr. J. Perrot) is located in the south-western corner of the big rectangular enclosure, close to the beaten-earth wall (Fig. 4). The excavations here had the threefold objectives of verifying the nature of the "camp area," ascertaining the date of its last occupation, and determining the technical details of the construction of the earthen wall. The discoveries here were startling. First, 1 ft. 3 ins. (1 metre) below the surface we found remains of a well-built city with houses and a canalisation system (Fig. 9). Second, and much to our surprise, we found the floors of these houses littered with Mycenaean pottery (Figs. 21 and 23) and many other vessels and objects of local make, all dating back to the last phases of the Late Bronze Age—the 13th century B.C. In other words, here was definite proof that the last city in this big enclosure met its end in the 13th century—i.e., the very period [Continued overleaf.]

THE "HOLY OF HOLIES" OF BRONZE AGE HAZOR: UNIQUE SCULPTURE IN A CANAANITE SANCTUARY.



FIG. 10. THE MOST IMPORTANT FIND OF THE SEASON—MADE IN ITS LAST FORTNIGHT: THE BRONZE AGE SANCTUARY, OR "HOLY OF HOLIES."



FIG. 11. A CLOSE-UP OF THE "HOLY OF HOLIES" OF FIG. 10, SHOWING THE MALE FIGURE AND THE ROW OF STELÆ. A LITTLE LATER A LION FIGURE WAS FOUND, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN DETAIL IN FIG. 15.



FIG. 12. THE FIGURE OF A GOD, ENTHRONED AND HOLDING A CUP: A UNIQUE DISCOVERY FOR PALESTINE.



FIG. 13. SOME OF THE OFFERING VESSELS FOUND IN THE "HOLY OF HOLIES." ON THE RIGHT A TYPICAL CYPRIOT MILK-BOWL VESSEL OF THE BRONZE AGE WITH A CHARACTERISTIC "WISHBONE" HANDLE.



FIG. 14. A MOST MOVING STELA, WITH SUPPLIANT HANDS RAISED TO A SUN-AND-CRESCENT SYMBOL.

Continued.

considered by most scholars as the date of Joshua's conquest of the country. I do not imply that we have here as yet any proof that this city was destroyed by Joshua. Such an assumption can only be tested by future excavations. But certainly one of the snags in the 13th century theory of Joshua's conquest of Hazor was Garstang's conclusion, based on the absence of Mycenaean pottery, that the city had been destroyed about 1400. This obstacle has now been removed. Another important discovery in this season consisted in several layers below the 13th-century structure, containing previous cities ranging from the Middle Bronze Age II (the so-called Hyksos period) down to Late Bronze I (Fig. 9). These will be excavated in greater detail during next season's campaign. But the third and most important discovery of the season came, as usual, within the last fortnight of the excavation. Two small Canaanite temples of the Late Bronze period, one on top of the other, were discovered at the foot of the beaten-earth wall. Only the central part of the temples

was cleared this season, but the yield was rich. In a central niche, high above the floor, we found the "Holy of Holies" (Figs. 10, 11, 16). It contained a basalt sculpture of a male (deity?) seated on a throne, holding a cup (Fig. 12). A row of several stelæ, with rounded tops, was placed just to the left of the figure. All were devoid of reliefs, except for the third, which bears a simple but effective design: two hands, palms upstretched as if in prayer; above is the emblem of the deity—a sun disc within a crescent (Fig. 14). To the left of the row of stelæ we found a basalt orthostat, bearing a relief of the head and forelegs of a lion on its narrow side, and a crouching lion with tail between its legs, on its wide side (Fig. 15). This group is unique in Palestinian archaeology—and in many respects also in the entire Middle East. And although there is a clear northern (Hittite) influence, it is local Canaanite in execution and detail. The many vessels found *in situ* near the sculptures (Fig. 13), and the stratum of the temple, point to its date as the 13th (or possibly the end of the 14th) century B.C. Here we have the boldest representation of Canaanite art on the eve of Joshua's time—of which so little has been known up to now. The excavations in Areas D (under the joint supervision of Miss C. Epstein and Mr. M. Megiddon) and E (under the supervision of Mr. J. Perrot), also within the rectangular enclosure,

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 15. UNIQUE IN PALESTINE ARCHÆOLOGY: A BASALT LION FIGURE, OF HITTITE INFLUENCE BUT CANAANITE EXECUTION.



FIG. 16. THE "HOLY OF HOLIES" IN A LATE STAGE OF EXCAVATION, SHOWING THE LION FIGURE *IN SITU*.

POTTERY WHICH GIVES A DATE FOR JOSHUA'S CONQUESTS, AND CARVINGS FROM ANCIENT HAZOR.

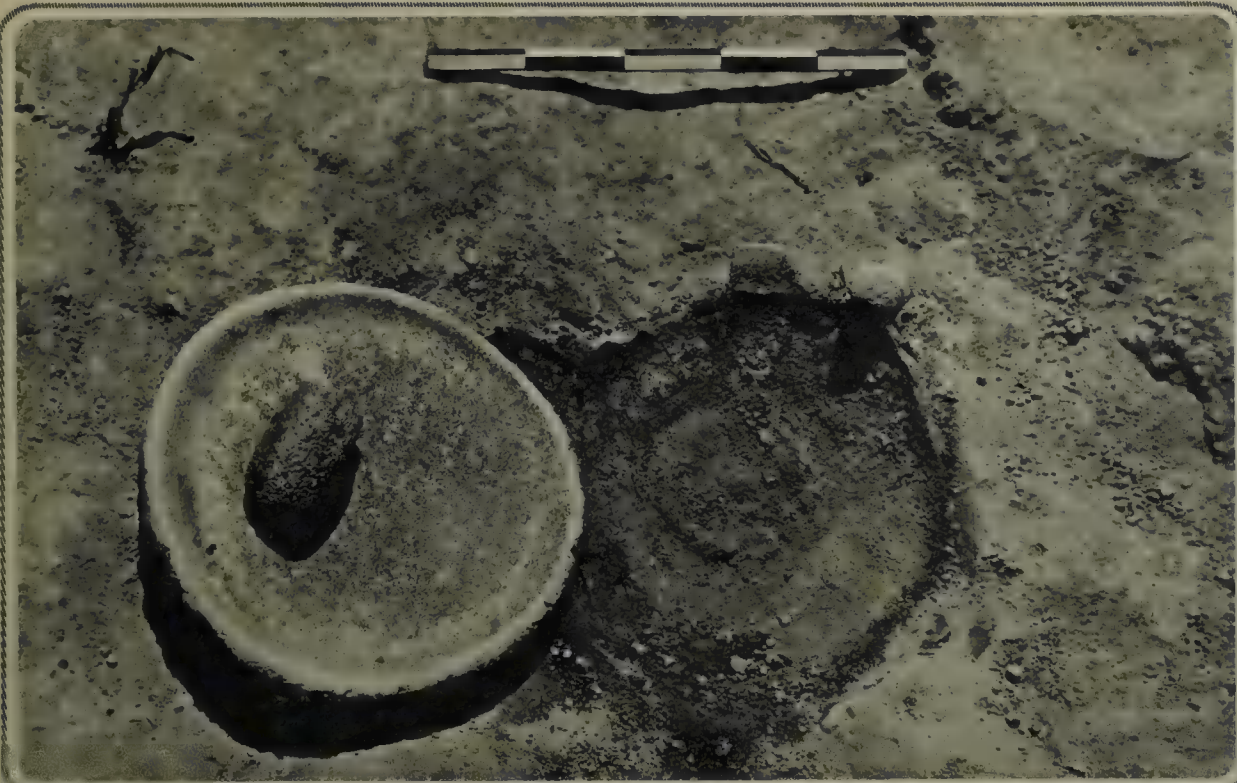


FIG. 17. AS IT WAS ABANDONED, MOST PROBABLY, WHEN THE CITY WAS DESTROYED BY JOSHUA : A BASALT GRINDING PLATE, FOUND IN THE CANAANITE CITY OF THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 18. A BASALT WATER OUTLET IN THE BRONZE AGE WALLS. THIS U-SHAPED DRAIN IS MADE FROM A SINGLE PIECE OF STONE, ABOUT 5 FT. 7 INS. LONG.



FIG. 19. THE FOUR FACES OF A BONE-HANDLE OF A SCEPTRE OR MIRROR. THE CARVING SHOWS A WINGED FIGURE GRASPING A "TREE OF LIFE."



FIG. 20. A MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY : PART OF AN IVORY BOX OF THE 9TH-8TH CENTURY B.C., SHOWING A WINGED SPHINX AND A KNEELING FIGURE.

Continued. were designed to help determine whether the conclusions reached at Area C were characteristic of the whole 170-acre enclosure. And indeed they were. In both areas we found the same features : the latest buildings belong to the 13th century B.C., and are built upon previous cities, the oldest of which dates back to the Hyksos
[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 22. A PATHETIC INCIDENT OF 3000 YEARS AGO : A TORTOISE, THE SLOWEST MOVER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TRAPPED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF A HOUSE.

Continued. In these two areas many water cisterns were discovered, some of them as deep as 9 metres. They yielded a rich harvest of pottery and scarabs from burial chambers and silos for which the cisterns were variously used by later periods of occupation. The most important single object found in Area D was a small fragment of a jar (Fig. 2) bearing two
[Continued below.]



FIG. 21. FROM THE CENTRAL AREA OF THE SITE, DATING IT TO THE 13TH CENTURY B.C. : A FINE MYCENÆAN PYXIS.



FIG. 23. ANOTHER MYCENÆAN PYXIS. POTTERY OF THIS KIND HELPS TO PROVIDE A DATE FOR THE CONQUESTS OF JOSHUA.

Continued. letters of the Proto-Sinaitic alphabet—the alphabet from which were evolved the old Hebrew script and later the Latin alphabet—LT . . . This is the first time that this script has been found in Galilee ; and its date, the 13th century, is close to that of a very similar jar bearing a similar inscription found some years ago by the late J. L. Starkey in Lachish, ending with the word "LT=Goddess." The one major interim conclusion from the preliminary

excavations we have so far carried out is that the heart of the enclosure was really a city and that during the Middle and Late Bronze periods, Hazor—if this is really Hazor, as we believe—was indeed one of the greatest cities in Canaan. And with its 40,000 population—which we estimate from the various facts we have laid bare—it rightly deserves the description given it in the book of Joshua : "For Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms."

SINCE the Second World War the political and economic dealings between this country and the United States have been closer than ever over a similar period. They have also been changeable and uneasy. Every now and then one partner or the other has found itself with a grievance. Naturally, reproaches have been most bitter and, at the same time, insubstantial when they have been launched by extremists or those given to sensational utterances. Among them we may rank the American who said the other day that Britain was an unreliable partner because her instincts in the war of ideologies were neutralist and people on our side of the Atlantic who proclaim that the United States is trying to involve us in war with the Soviet Union. Certain complaints, however, have been more serious and have been voiced by people who are both sober-minded and anxious to maintain good relations between the two Governments and the two peoples.

What is the matter now? Something is certainly wrong, but it is not easy to extract the truth from a stream of rumours and innuendoes. Mr. Bevan spoke darkly of the Washington "oil lobby" the other day. The City has had a great deal to say, especially over luncheon tables, about alleged examples of American unfriendliness to British interests in many parts of the world, but most of all in the Middle East. Business men profess to have evidence of astonishingly brutal and unfair practices carried out by their American opposite numbers. These practices in themselves would not normally be of vital importance except to the individuals who had suffered by them. Competition in foreign fields is often rough, and British forwards can usually take care of themselves in the line-out. But what if the referee should be on the other side? Something like this would be the case if it were true, as also alleged, that certain United States Embassies had deliberately stirred up trouble for the British and supported those whose behaviour was indefensible by any standards which include morals.

The first occasion on which I myself heard what seemed to be well-founded statements of unfriendliness was that of the Abadan incident. Since then oil has been in the forefront whenever they have been repeated. A business man recently put it to me thus. It is not, he said, merely a matter of oil prospectors and exploiters jostling for trade. It is more serious than this. A great body of American opinion, well represented and entrenched in Washington, believes that the oil supplies of the free world represent a matter of life and death for the United States. It is not generally inspired by unfriendliness to Britain, but finds it intolerable that another nation of the standing of Britain should be taking a large part in the control and disposal of the world's oil supplies. As a result, wherever it sees an opportunity to damage British oil interests it takes it—and saves its own conscience for such treatment of a friend and ally by arguing that it is fighting for the life of its country and cannot be too nice.

Even supposing such an argument to be legitimate, it does not apply in the present case. Oil is not as scarce as all that. Survey, carried out with increased energy and by improved methods of late, has discovered vast new sources. Modern machinery and means of communication have overcome physical obstacles in the past insuperable, and can extract vast quantities and high profits from fields which would, until quite recently, have been hardly worth while working. Oil is, of course, desirable and may be called the basis of modern material civilisation, but it is not a fact that Britain has played the part of dog-in-the-manger with respect to it. If there is an "oil lobby" in this country it is not prominent, and I can assure our American friends that the British Government's policy on the subject is not under its thumb.

Two other influences play their parts in increasing in the United States the bitterness of the struggle for oil. The first is that "anti-colonial" sentiment which often becomes so strong as to take the form of dislike of the whole conception of the British Commonwealth and desire to bring it to an end as soon as possible.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The sentiment leads to a strange myopia. The late President Roosevelt's belief that in the post-war world the British might prove more dangerous to peace than the Russians would be incredible if it were not well authenticated. But the main element in the strength of this sentiment is that it is entirely moral and is entertained by high-minded people. And the combination of earnest and sincere moralists with tough and hard-boiled tycoons is a very formidable and very disconcerting one. The first section does not realise where it is being led. The second section exploits the odd association for all it is worth.

The third influence is said to have been particularly in evidence lately. It is the survival in the United States of old racial animosities. A large Irish element has never forgotten wrongs, real and imaginary, suffered at the hands of England. We must regret the continuance of this dislike in America at a time when in Ireland English people meet a kindly welcome and the old hate subsists among a relatively small proportion of the population only. Partition and "the Border" still cause controversy, but serious opinion in the Republic has come to the conclusion

and contradictory. In many instances warm friendship has been shown. Reliance on British undertakings is firmer than in the case of any other European nation, certainly any of the greater nations. On a multitude of problems great frankness plays a part in discussion. The practice of slurring over differences, never profitable though sometimes perhaps inevitable, has been rare since the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. We and the Americans have discovered that we can say what we mean to each other and that plain talk is preferred on both sides. At no period in our common history have we known each other so well. This state of affairs may be in part due to the fact that Britain is, after the United States, the most substantial military power in the western camp, but it also rests on mutual trust.

That is the pleasant side of the picture. With it goes, however, the unhappy atmosphere which I have described. I have admitted that some of the evidence about it is vague, but I am confident that enough exists to show that all is not as it ought to be in our relations. These pinpricks are being administered at a time when our efforts to keep the peace in the Middle East are by no means certain to succeed and we are admittedly finding the search for a means of so doing difficult in the extreme. These efforts are sincere. Neither oil lobbies nor lobbies of any kind play any part in them. If our diplomacy has erred from time to time, it has not been in the direction of Machiavellism—perhaps it has been liable to lean in the opposite direction. We do not ask for pity, but we have a right to ask for justice.

Our country and the United States are in the same boat. We are inferior in military strength to the United States, but no other partner approaches us in that respect. On the moral side one may ask whether in time of trouble the United States would count as much on a Mollet-Pineau combination as on an Eden-Lloyd. On the supreme issues, measures to maintain a deterrent to nuclear war, negotiations to make the Communist world realise the necessity of avoiding one, calming influence in regions where disturbances of a secondary order are threatened, refusal to start an arms race with Russia in the Middle East, the two nations are virtually at one. To cease to be so would be suicidal. To "go it alone" is unthinkable. Differences about East-West trade can be solved. American anxiety about British policy in Cyprus, British anxiety about American policy in the off-shore islands in the Formosa Channel, these are the chief matters of disagreement at present—apart from the underground question of oil.

The most thoughtful Americans, though they may not accept as exactly true this outline of British grievances, realise that there is some substance in it and are worried about it. They may well be. It affects chiefly the Government and the business world, that is to say the two strongest backers in the whole community of Anglo-American friendship and co-operation. I am not pretending that these are as yet in serious danger; it is indeed notable how well they have withstood the stresses to which they have been subjected. But if you persistently overload a vehicle, it will soon show the effects and its life will not be as long as it ought to be. The analogy is, however, weak in one respect. You can buy a new vehicle if you have the money, but the Anglo-American partnership is of a type which cannot be replaced because there are no other such models on the market.

It is because friendship is still so strong and each country's need of the other is so great that resentment in this country about what has been happening has been so restrained and so little has been said about it publicly. Unless there is an improvement I fear that this prudence will not continue. Those who have been most closely affected are not given to crying out when their feet are trodden on, but when that becomes a habit human nature demands remonstrance. We do not complain of the oilmen; we must complain if they are permitted to become instrumental in our undoing.

THE TROUBLED AREA OF THE MIDDLE EAST.



AN AREA OF POTENTIAL DANGER TO WORLD PEACE: A MAP OF THE MIDDLE EAST COUNTRIES WHICH SHOWS HOW SMALL IS THE RECENTLY FORMED STATE OF ISRAEL IN RELATION TO HER ARAB NEIGHBOURS. THE TOTAL POPULATION OF ISRAEL IS 1,598,000, COMPARED TO THE ARAB POPULATION OF OVER 53,000,000.

On April 5, the eve of Mr. Hammarskjöld's departure for the Middle East to survey the Israel-Arab armistice agreements, fighting broke out once again between Egyptians and Israelis in the Gaza strip. This new outbreak of violence, in which casualties were inflicted, will make it no easier for the mission sent out by the Security Council to survey the situation in the Middle East, and to put forward acceptable proposals for ensuring peace in this area. Mr. Hammarskjöld has stated that even the United Nations "can not perform miracles"; and, with the problems of oil, arms supplies and Communist infiltration to add to that of Israeli-Arab tension, the Mission's task will indeed be a Herculean one.

This map is reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."

that an attempt to bring about union by force ought not to be countenanced. The change does not seem to have penetrated, at all events not deeply, the very large Irish element in the United States. Some senior American officers, on the other hand, have been outspoken in their views on the strategic value of Northern Ireland as part of the United Kingdom.

Hitherto the Irish have been the only colony in the United States eager to do what they can to pay off old scores against England. Now, unhappily, it looks as though another might be added. On Greek Independence Day a Democrat, Mr. Wagner, Mayor of New York, told a gathering of Greek-Americans some 25,000 strong, taking part in what amounted to an anti-British demonstration over Cyprus, of American sympathy for "those Greeks in Cyprus who are fighting for what we fought for in this country." Simultaneously a Republican, Senator Dirksen, at a similar though smaller rally in Chicago, spoke of British action in Cyprus as "crass stupidity." I am not going to repeat my own opinions, which I hope are fairly well known by now, on the Cyprus issue. My sole purpose is to call attention to a new and unwelcome irritant in Anglo-American relations from a quarter which had almost up to the other day been consistently friendly.

To return to the official attitude, American policy as regards Britain seems to be two-fisted



A FINE VIEW OF THE TOP OF THE MÖNCH, LOOKING WESTWARDS: PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY ON THE RETURN FLIGHT FROM THE RHÔNE GLACIER GROUP TO INTERLAKEN.

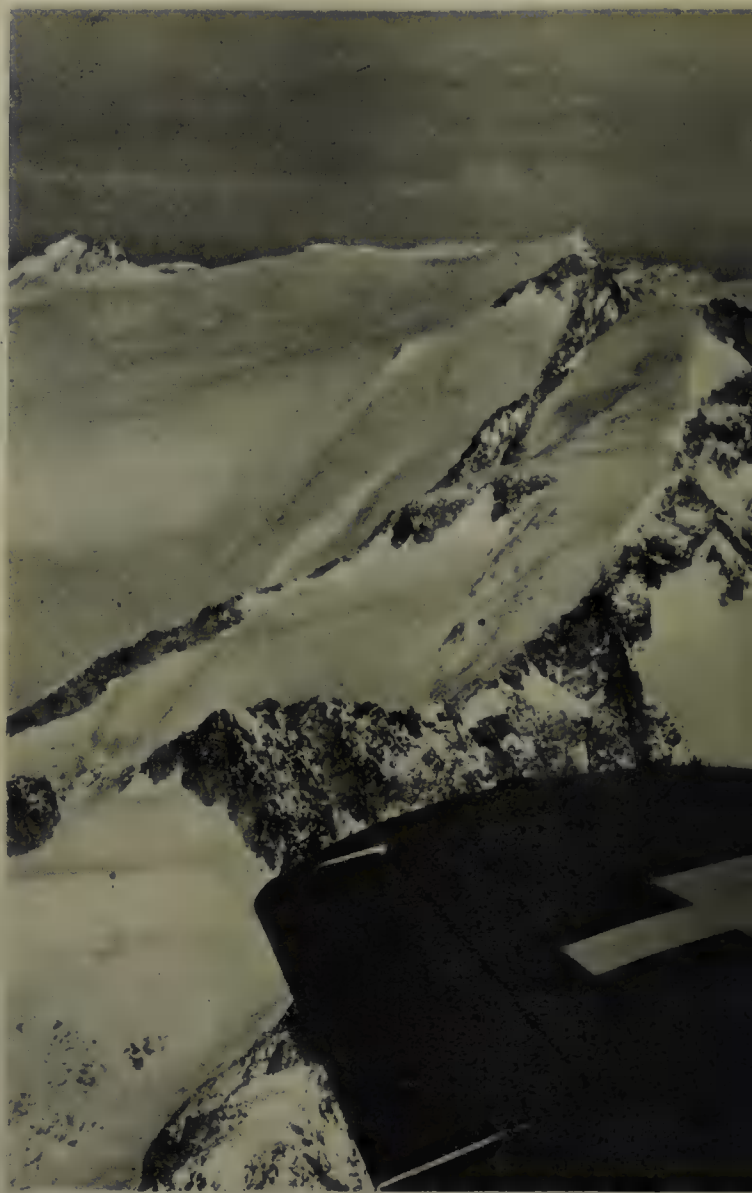
Once again this year Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein braved the extremes of Alpine weather in order to take a group of aerial photographs in Switzerland. The photograph reproduced on this page was taken on the way home from his second flight—the extreme cold had forced the Field Marshal to return after only thirty minutes on the first flight when there were 54 degrees of frost Fahrenheit. This year he was able to take some fine photographs of the Rhône

Glacier group of mountains, immediately to the east of the Bernese Oberland. The Mönch was passed on the return journey, and Lord Montgomery photographed it from the east. Just to the right of the top is the Lake of Thun, and the plateau of Switzerland is beyond it in the distance. This photograph, which should be of great interest to climbers, was taken with a Rolleiflex camera ■ ■ shutter speed of 1/250th of ■ second, at F/8.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN FROM A *PILATUS* TRAINING AIRCRAFT OF THE SWISS AIR FORCE: THE TITLIS (10,627 FT.), WHICH IS THE HIGHEST PEAK OVERLOOKING ENGELBERG, WITH THE REISSEND NOLLEN ABOVE IT TO THE RIGHT.

THE ALPS FROM AN AIRCRAFT GLACIER GROUP TAKEN BY F



WITH A SUPERB RIDGE OF SNOW LEADING UP TO IT ON THE
PEAK IN THE RHÔNE GLACIER GROUP. JUST TO

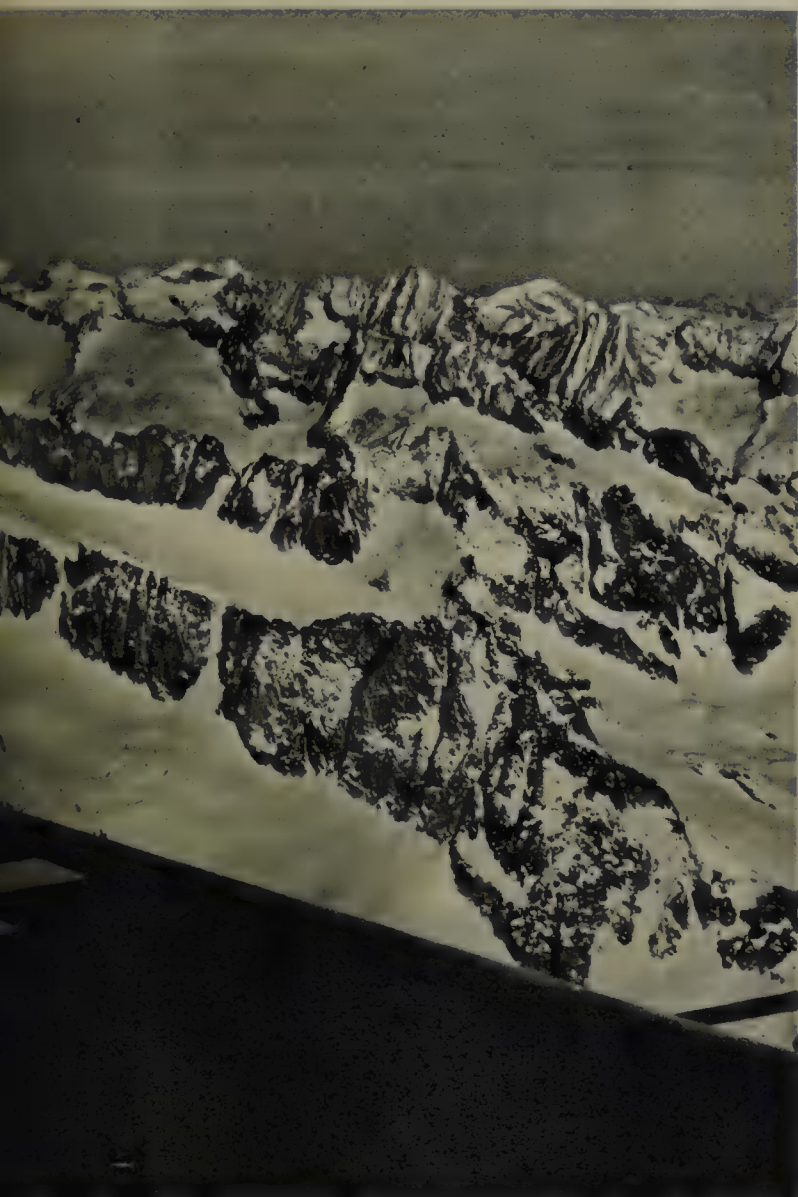


A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: THE FINSTERAARHORN (14,026 FT.), LOOKING EASTWARDS. THE NORMAL ASCENT IS BY THE RIDGE RUNNING UP THE CENTRE OF THE MOUNTAIN ON THE RIGHT. THE FINSTERAARJOCH IS ON THE LEFT.

This year we are again privileged to reproduce a series of aerial photographs taken by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein in the Alps. The photographs are of the Rhône Glacier group of mountains, of which the main peaks are the Gienstock, the Dammastock, the Sustenhorn and the Titlis. The Field Marshal

made two flights: "I set out from Interlaken airfield on February 3 in a *Pilatus* training aircraft of the Swiss Air Force. It was in the middle of the cold spell that gripped Europe, and there was no heating in the aircraft. We flew at 13,500 ft. and the temperature at that height was 54 degrees of frost Fahrenheit. After this

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RHÔNE MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY.



THE TOP OF THE DAMMASTOCK (11,922 FT.), WHICH IS THE HIGHEST
OF IT IS THE TOP OF THE GALENSTOCK (11,802 FT.).



THE SUSTENHORN (11,523 FT.) SEEN FROM THE SOUTH. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON A FINE
DAY AND THE TEXTURE OF THE SNOW AND THE ROCK FORMATION OF THE MOUNTAINS HAVE
STOOD OUT WELL IN THE GOOD LIGHT.



AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF THE RHÔNE GLACIER GROUP, WITH THE GALENSTOCK STANDING OUT LIKE A SENTINEL IN THE CENTRE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN
DURING THE FIELD MARSHAL'S FIRST FLIGHT THIS YEAR, WHEN EXTREME COLD FORCED HIM TO TURN BACK AFTER ONLY THIRTY MINUTES.

minutes' flying we had to descend as the weather worsened and the cold was so
intense that I could no longer work the camera." Lord Montgomery set out again
on February 16 to complete his photographic reconnaissance, and this time the
weather was fine and it was warmer. All these photographs were taken with a

Rolleiflex camera, and a filter was used for all the pictures. They were taken
from the rear cockpit through the glass window. Once again Lord Montgomery
has proved his abilities as an amateur photographer, and has illustrated the
fascinations, as well as the hazards, of mountaineering by air.



THIRTY-FOUR paintings from fifteenth-century Siena to nineteenth-century England, some by world-famous, others by unknown artists—or, rather, artists who lurk obscurely in reference books and whose names have not yet become current coin—make up a show at Colnaghi's at which one or two great men are on parade in an unfamiliar dress and more than one little man is seen to have the stuff of greatness in him. As I normally do on these occasions, I walked round first without a catalogue, testing my ignorance, and found it, as usual, very nearly abysmal—an exercise said to be good for the soul—and yet, on second thoughts, perhaps it was not too disgraceful to have failed, at first glance, to recognise in a lively battle scene the hand of no less a personage than Claude le

A large landscape by Nicolas Berchem (1620-83), one of the many seventeenth-century Dutch painters who worked much in Italy and were influenced by Italian art rather as our Richard Wilson was influenced by it a century later, is a straightforward view of Dutch scenery—an unusual subject for him. It shows the village of Loenen, on the River Vecht, with a warm Italian sky and luminous water—Holland irradiated by a Southern sun, very much as Wilson, throughout his career, could never quite keep his memories of Italy out of his brush, even when he was painting so essentially English a scene as the Thames at Richmond. A century ago Berchem and his Italianate brethren were regarded as among the greatest; then they fell into disfavour, both in Holland and elsewhere. A recent sale at Christie's seems to indicate a shift of opinion and before many years have passed it would not be surprising if a whole host of semi-forgotten Dutch and Flemish Romanising artists were again recognised as well worth attention. A similar great name of the past—a man who was once regarded as the equal of Claude and Poussin—is Salvator Rosa

which defy analysis; David Teniers the Younger, with his easy mastery of still life, is represented by a kitchen scene, with an old woman tying onions, a picture recorded since 1822 and exhibited in that first of many fine exhibitions of paintings, "Art Treasures of the United Kingdom," at Manchester in 1857. Of works by painters of a slightly earlier generation, a dramatic "Incredulity of St. Thomas," by Hendrick Terbrugghen, dominates one wall and illustrates convincingly the influence of that great painter and equally great blackguard Caravaggio—so powerful a composition that it is easy to disregard a Venus and Cupid by the Utrecht artist—his near contemporary—Joachim Wtewael, a name which is less difficult for English tongues to pronounce when spelt Uytewael—for all its title, an enchanting composition of mother and child carried out in an uncompromising pink with delicate shades of green. A guarded attribution to Hans Rottenhammer the Elder, a follower of Elsheimer, one of the very first



"A VIEW OF HILLFIELD HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). THIS FINE WORK IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION "PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS" AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S BOND STREET GALLERY. MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS EXHIBITION IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. (Canvas; 17½ by 28½ ins.)

Lorrain, though to be sure the painting of the water alone should have been proof enough. But then, one is not accustomed to this sort of picture by Claude, which shows how foolish it is to go about with preconceived ideas of a painter's subjects and not look for his handwriting, by which I mean, of course, colour, tone, brushwork, etc. The picture was in the Emmerson Collection in 1855 and was then attributed to Claude, but otherwise appears to be unrecorded. It represents the Battle of Lepanto and it is suggested that Claude was commissioned to paint the picture half a century or so after the battle (which took place in 1571) by some member of the Medici family whose arms are to be seen on the stern of one of the galleys which occupies a prominent place in the mêlée.

If, on the whole, it is rather a disgrace not to have recognised so distinct a personality immediately, no one, I think, need blush if he should fail to identify in a small, beautifully composed landscape of a rocky hillside—which, from the rock formation, I feel sure was painted in the Forest of Fontainebleau—the work of Jean François Legillon (1739-97), for he must be unknown to all but a small circle of specialists in French eighteenth-century painting. Anyway, he will be a new name to the majority of people, as he was to me, and if his other work has anything like the quality of this example he deserves a greater fame than merely a reference by the Goncourts quoting a letter from Cochin to Descamps reviewing the Salon of 1789 "M. Legillon shows some excellent little pictures, good colour, well-designed animals, ingenious and harmonious effects." I ask myself how many more unknowns—or nearly unknowns—were painting admirable pictures at this period; very possibly far more than we imagine. It made me think of the early Corots of thirty or forty years later.



"INTERIOR OF THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE"; BY JOHN SCARLETT DAVIS (1804-c.1845/46). THIS VIEW OF ONE OF THE LONG CORRIDORS IN THE UFFIZI WAS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1834. THE EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S CONTINUES UNTIL APRIL 28. (Canvas; 43 by 56½ ins.)

(1615-73), a demi-god to eighteenth-century worshippers of the tempestuous picturesque. He is represented by a river landscape.

Among what we may call the standard names are Constable, with a lovely view of Hillfield House, Hampstead (which, until 1907, stood just behind the present Hampstead Town Hall), a picture painted for Basil Woodd, a wine merchant in whose family it remained till last year; Van Goyen, Jacob Van Ruisdael, and Jan Steen, whose "Drinkers," only 14½ by 11½ ins., is one of those small miracles of paint



"MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY THE SIENESE MASTER GIOVANNI DI PAOLO (1403-1483). THIS MASTERPIECE HAS LATELY BEEN IN AN AMERICAN COLLECTION.

(Panel; 12½ by 9½ ins.)

landscape painters of Europe and a true romantic, is provided for a delicate little "Rest on the Flight to Egypt"; whoever its author, it holds its own well in all this distinguished company.

The many who are fascinated by the problems surrounding the obscure life of Titian's great predecessor Giorgione will have been intrigued by a small panel of a young man in a green tunic holding a dog in one hand and a cat in the other, so close is it in mood to several pictures which, in the Venice exhibition of last year, were tentatively attributed to that enigmatic master. No doubt experts will continue to bicker—not always amiably—over such high matters; the rest of us will be content to listen to the sounds of battle from afar and to enjoy the-thing-as-it-is without caring overmuch as to its author; perhaps, in so doing, we are not very far from grace. Another Italian painting which must be noted is a head of St. Anne, obviously derived from Leonardo but, as the catalogue points out, "with hints of Raphael (in the neck and shoulders) and even of Michelangelo." It came from the Sotheby Collection, Ecton Hall, Northampton, a notable sale last year, and is shown as Florentine School c. 1525-30, with the interesting suggestion that it may be an

early work of Francesco Salviati (1510-63). A few small primitives, notably a Madonna and Child by the Sieneese artist Giovanni di Paolo, at once monumental and tender, several Italian seventeenth-century paintings, an English portrait once attributed to Gainsborough, but now proved to be by the hitherto obscure mezzotint engraver Francis Kyte (working 1710-45), and a most entertaining and well-painted view of the interior of one of the long corridors in the Uffizi at Florence by John Scarlett Davis, complete a show which will remain long in the memory of at least one visitor.

PAINTINGS OF THE FRENCH 18TH CENTURY.



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME BERGERET"; BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806): IN THE EXHIBITION "IMPORTANT PAINTINGS OF THE FRENCH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY," WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN'S, NEW BOND STREET. (Canvas; 16½ by 13½ ins.)



"LA FERME," AN IMPORTANT EARLY WORK BY FRAGONARD. ALL THE WORKS IN THIS FINE EXHIBITION COME FROM THE WILDENSTEIN COLLECTIONS IN LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK. (Canvas; 24½ by 19½ ins.)

A FINE EXHIBITION AT WILDENSTEIN'S.



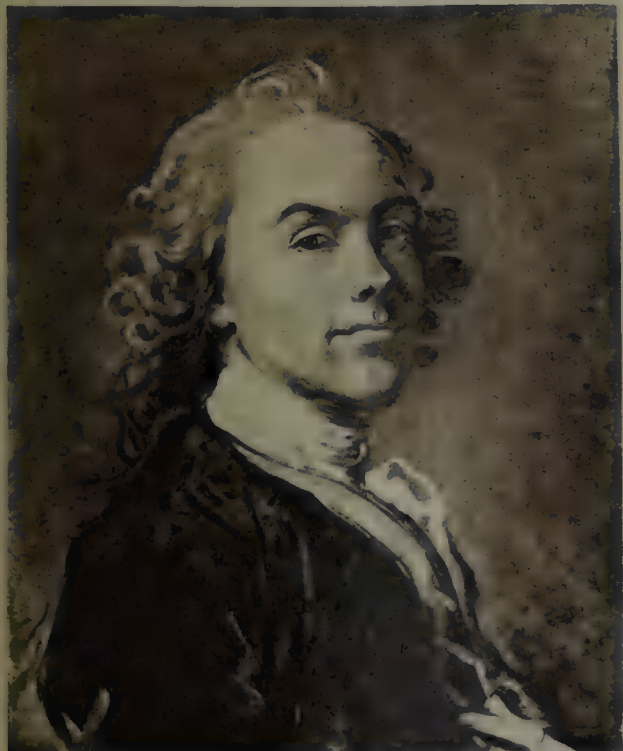
"PORTRAIT OF HIS SON JULES"; BY JACQUES LOUIS DAVID (1748-1825): A CHARMING BUT UNTYPICAL WORK OF THIS ARTIST. THE PORTRAITS IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH REMAINS OPEN UNTIL APRIL 28, ARE PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIVE. (Canvas; 15½ by 13½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FAMILY"; BY PHILIPPE MERCIER (1689-1760), WHO SPENT MANY YEARS IN ENGLAND, STARTING IN THE SERVICE OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES. (Canvas; 39 by 63½ ins.) (Signed, Ph. Mercier pinxit.)



"MERCURY ENTRUSTING YOUNG BACCHUS TO THE NYMPHS," ONE OF FOUR IMPORTANT WORKS BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770), WHO WAS DIRECTOR OF THE GOBELINS FACTORY AND PAINTER TO LOUIS XV. ■ WAS A MOST PROLIFIC ARTIST. (Canvas; 23½ by 29 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE PERRONEAU (1715-1783), WHO WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED ENGRAVER. (Canvas; 20½ by 16 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS RASOWMOFFSKA, WIFE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA"; BY ELISABETH LOUISE VIGÉE-LEBRUN (1755-1842). (Canvas; 43½ by 35½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE SIMEON CHARDIN (1699-1779). (Canvas; 24 by 19½ ins.) (Signed and dated on left: 1776 Chardin.)

The forty-four works which comprise the small but exquisite exhibition "Important Paintings of the French Eighteenth Century" at Messrs. Wildenstein's New Bond Street Gallery, all come from the Wildenstein collections in Paris, New York and London. It was a particularly happy thought to stage this exhibition so soon after the recent Royal Academy Winter Exhibition "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century," for it enables the viewer to make many interesting comparisons between the arts of France and England in this splendid century. In England the eighteenth

century saw the great age of portrait painting, but the several superb portraits in the Wildenstein exhibition prove that this exacting art also reached great heights in France at this time, though it is the genre and landscape paintings of masters such as Boucher and Fragonard that are most often associated with this period in French art. Among the portraits not reproduced on this page there are several strong works by Jean Baptiste Greuze and a very fine portrait of a lady by Jean Marc Nattier. The exhibition continues until April 28.

PROPAGANDA BALLOON.



PREPARING TO RELEASE A LARGE PROPAGANDA BALLOON IN WESTERN GERMANY.



G. H. DAVIS 1956

CLOCKWORK LEAFLET RELEASE GEAR.



CELLOPHANE COVER REMOVED.

THE CLOCKWORK MECHANISM IN THE BOMB RELEASES A RAZOR BLADE WHICH CUTS THE CORD AND RELEASES EACH PACKET OF LEAFLETS AT PRE-DETERMINED INTERVALS.

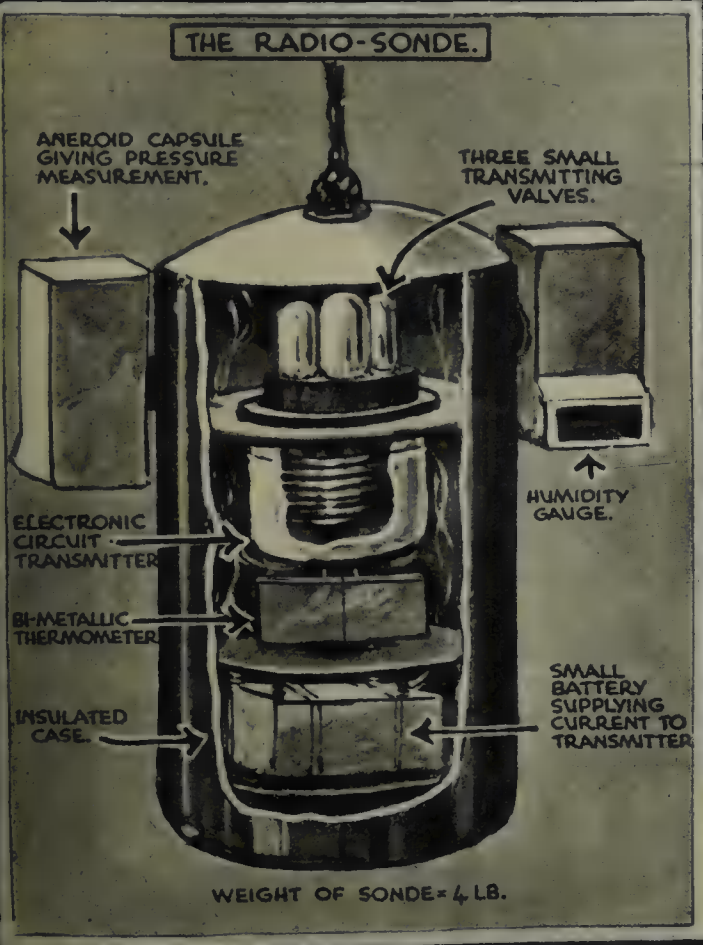
BALLOON RELEASING PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS.

A RECENT SOURCE OF EAST-WEST TENSION: SELF-BURSTING HIGH-ALTITUDE BALLOON

In recent months a great deal of interest has been shown in two types of balloon. Whereas the one type, the propaganda balloon, has caused a certain amount of unfortunate tension between Russia and the West, the other, the meteorological balloon, is now enthusiastically being used by most countries in the quest to obtain ever more accurate weather forecasts. Both types are illustrated here in Mr. Davis's diagrammatic drawing. Propaganda balloons, which drop leaflets over the satellite countries just inside the Iron Curtain, were first used by Radio Free Europe

in 1954. Since then some 400,000 balloons have been launched from Western Bavaria, from which about 250,000,000 leaflets have been dropped. After a particularly large launching of such balloons during December and January the Russian authorities complained to the Governments of the United States, Turkey and Germany about these balloons, which they claimed were a danger both to air traffic and to people on the ground. An exhibition was arranged in Prague at which parts of landed balloons were displayed. Radio Free Europe denies

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



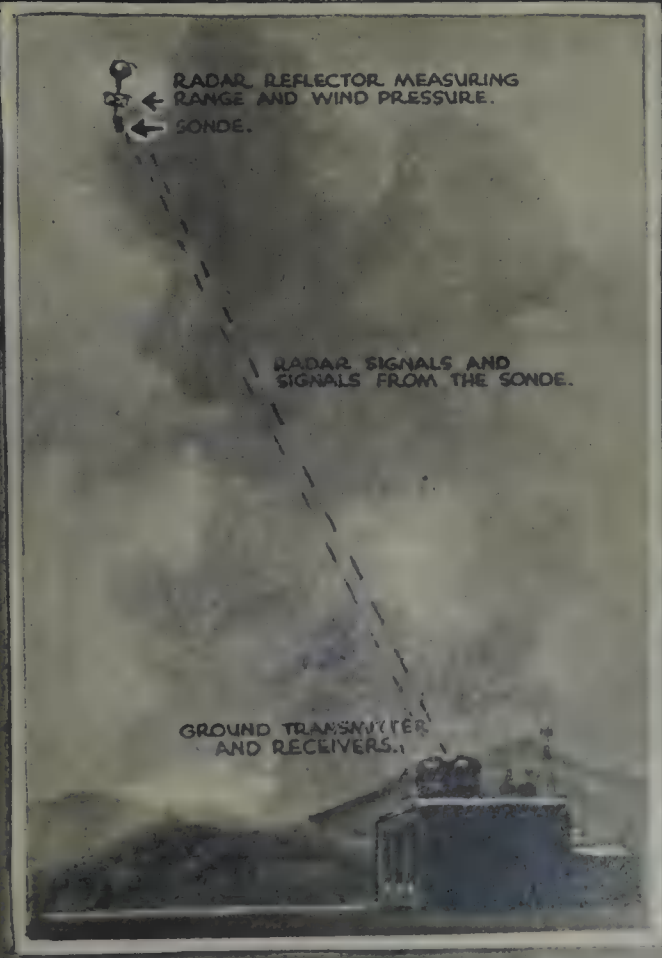
METEOROLOGICAL BALLOON.



THE BALLOONS RISE AS THEY RISE AND EVENTUALLY BURST.



RADAR REFLECTOR OF SPECIAL TYPE METALLIZED NYLON MESH. THIS REFLECTS THE RADAR SIGNALS BELOW THE GROUND AND GIVES THE RANGE OF THE BALLOON, WHEN THE TIME TAKEN FOR THE SIGNALS TO GO UP AND BACK IS MEASURED.



USED FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES AND FOR OBTAINING METEOROLOGICAL INFORMATION.

that the balloons were either dangerous to aircraft or hazardous. They are made of plastic or rubber, weighing 2 lb., and carrying from 2 lb. to 7 lb. of leaflets. No explosives are used and the release of the leaflets is achieved by evaporation. The balloons themselves burst when they have reached a certain height. In these balloons themselves appear to have put both propaganda balloons and allegations the Russians appear to have put both propaganda balloons and meteorological balloons in the same category. The latter are sent up with radio and radar equipment which send signals to the ground from which the weather

conditions can be ascertained. They are a vital part of the accurate weather forecasting service needed by air and sea services. Balloons of this nature have reached heights of up to 20 miles. Our own Meteorological Office has been developing these balloons, such as the one illustrated on this page. Thousands of such balloons will play a vital part in collecting information during the International Geophysical Year, which begins on July 1, 1957. It is to be hoped that political considerations will not prevent the effective use of these scientific instruments.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



OWLS: ARISTOCRATS AMONG BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE wisdom of the owl is proverbial. The bird also has the reputation of being an ill-omen. Close and prolonged acquaintance with it tends, however, to strengthen the impression of wisdom, and it may be that this is the outcome mainly of three things: its large eyes with their steady gaze, the absence of fussiness in their demeanour, and a very noticeable absence from their behaviour of those actions which, for want of a better term, we call playfulness. There is, therefore, a calmness and an apparent dignity in all they do which is reminiscent of the human attribute of control of the emotions.



SHOWING THE DISPROPORTIONATELY LARGE HEAD AND ROUNDED BODY: THE TAWNY OR BROWN OWL IN "TYPICAL" POSE. THE BODY IS CLOTHED IN FEATHERS THAT DO NOT LIE CLOSE TO ITS CONTOURS BUT ALLOW CONSIDERABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR CHANGES IN THE TOTAL SHAPE AND MANIPULATION OF THE FEATHERS THEMSELVES.

Perhaps we could include a fourth feature, the owl's ability to express its moods without the posturing, the spread wings, the fanned tail and the generally vigorous movements characteristic of most other birds. In short, an owl appears to have poise.

There is one very familiar scene that bears out these comments, when an owl is being mobbed by a crowd of small birds which work themselves into a frenzy of vocal effort. Amid all the clamour and the agitation, the owl sits immobile, staring straight ahead, without the movement of an eyelid. When at last it does move, it launches itself into the air in exactly the same way and at precisely the same pace as it would if there were no disturbing element within miles of it. Such mobbing, which may be carried out by a dozen, a score, or even more smaller birds seems to be an ineffective way of harassing a predator, yet from what one can see of the acuteness of an owl's hearing, it is reasonable to suppose that this raucous cacophony must be distressing to the owl. The fact that it gives no sign of distress is no indication that it does not feel it. There is a better index in the actions of my tame owls at the sudden backfiring of a passing motor-car. Instead of fluttering up in a sudden panic as most other birds do, there is a sharp turn of the head in the direction of the sound and an air of intense concentration on it.

The reaction to other disturbing intrusions is also in marked contrast to most other of our British birds. A stranger, or a dog, passing the aviary will cause the owls to adopt what has been called the attenuated attitude. This is more easily illustrated than described. By contrast with the normal shape with the disproportionately large head on the rounded body, the head and body appear slender, almost cylindrical. At the same time the large facial discs of

radiating feathers are contracted and the large eyes are narrowed. The whole appearance is one of severe disapproval, with a touch of the sinister. The attenuated attitude will be taken up if someone with whom the birds are familiar goes by, carrying something unfamiliar or obnoxious to them. For example, if I go by, pushing a wheelbarrow, I see that the owls, which a moment before appeared normal, have shrunk into the attenuated attitude.

This is only one of the many changes that can take

place in their appearance, although it is the most pronounced, and all the changes take place rapidly and unobtrusively, with the speed of changing expressions on the human face. Indeed, one feels that the owls are, in their expression of mood, all face. In none of the changes, however, is there any loss of dignity. It is the same in the matter of accepting food. Most hand-fed birds show an eagerness at the sight of food, expressed in a fair amount of bodily movement, and this is true whether they are hungry or not. A tawny owl has to be ravenous before it will show eagerness, and even this the bird expresses by merely leaning forward a trifle, although the final taking of the food, it is true, is a slightly undignified snatch with the beak.

When the owl is just ordinarily hungry it will take

typical of most birds. The owl sits half-on to the sun, with the eye, which is exposed to the full glare of its rays, shut, the other open. This position will be maintained for long periods of time in a pose as statuesque and static as though the bird were stuffed.

In view of what has been said, we should hardly expect to find an unbending to the point of being playful. The score or so other birds in the various aviaries around the owl's aviary are busy all day long, except for the siesta on sunny days. According to their dispositions they are turning over the earth, searching among dried leaves, picking up pieces of stick or leaf, carrying one piece here or another piece there, making a pass at a neighbouring bird or displaying in a more courtly manner. At all events, they are busy all the time doing something, and doing something with some thing. There is, in fact, a general tendency to search, to pull to pieces, to pick up and transport, to accumulate materials in one spot, to be attracted by bright or coloured objects. This is, of course, a general statement, the whole of which is not applicable to any one species of bird. It represents a synthesis of the appetitive behaviour present to a varying degree in most birds. An extension to it at any one point, or at several points combined, can lead to more familiar actions. Thus, pulling materials to pieces, whether leaves, bark or grass, and their accumulation at one site, can form the basis for nest-building. The attraction of bright or coloured objects could be the basis of the search for food, such as berries. The storing of these same objects would lead to food hoarding.

We have seen little of this behaviour in our owls, by day or by night. They pull to pieces the sacking thrown over their box-shelter and occasionally one or the other has been seen picking leaves off one of the conifer branches, fixed in the aviary to simulate their natural habitat. Even this was done with slow, dignified deliberation. It would appear to be significant that tawny owls use no nesting materials, or do so exceptionally, although they may occasionally use an old nest of some other species, such as crow, rook, magpie or squirrel. There may be here a link



IN THE ATTENUATED ATTITUDE ADOPTED WHEN DISTURBED OR ALARMED: THE SAME OWL APPEARING AS IF IT MIGHT ALMOST BE ANOTHER SPECIES.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

proffered food with a magnificent condescension. If for any reason it is not ready to feed, it will react to food placed in front of its beak by drawing itself up in what can only be described as a haughty manner. Should one persist in holding the food there, in spite of this, the owl merely turns its head through 180 degs. the strigiform equivalent of turning one's back on something unpleasant. There have been occasions, and this after dark, when one of the owls, at the usual feeding time, has been sitting on a branch with eyes closed and has taken the food without lifting an eyelid. No doubt, when an owl has to find its own food it shows a little more animation, but in birds habitually hand-fed the actions reveal the fundamental immobility.

Although essentially nocturnal, the tawny owl is not above sun-bathing. Again there is a strong contrast with most other birds. In owls, it is carried out without any fuss or any of the exaggerated postures

between quality of vision and the use of materials. The "feel" of the sacking may be suggestive of the fur of small mammals, the owl's normal prey. Further than this, it could be that eyes specialised for night vision have little appreciation of form or colour at any time.

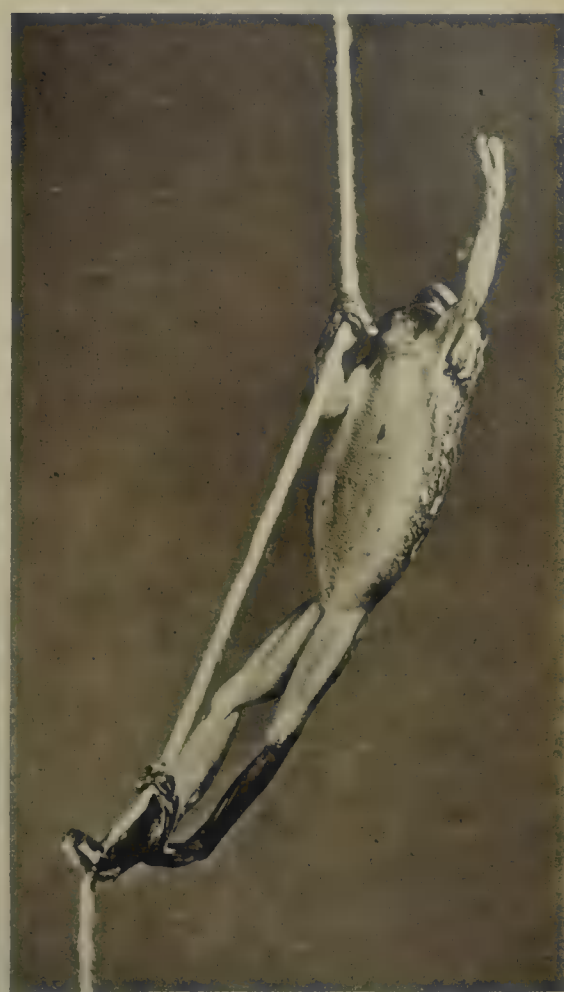
FROGS ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE: AMPHIBIAN ACROBATIC ARTISTES.



THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK—AMPHIBIAN STYLE: A FROG HAULING HIMSELF UP A ROPE "HAND OVER HAND."



FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE: A TREE FROG LEAPING TO JOIN HIS COMPANION WHICH IS ALREADY PERFORMING ON THE TRAPEZE.



SEEMINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE PLAUDITS OF THE AUDIENCE: THE FROG PAUSING IN HIS CLIMB UP THE SWAYING CORD.



NEARLY ON AND NEARLY OFF: A FROG (LEFT) CLAMBERS UP ON THE TRAPEZE AND HIS WILD SCRAMBLING ALL BUT KNOCKS HIS COMPANION OFF HIS PERCH.



A DUET ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE: THE TREE FROGS DISPLAY A POLISHED TECHNIQUE, WHICH MIGHT WELL PUT TRAINED ACROBATS TO SHAME, AS THEY SWING BACK AND FORTH.

When an American naturalist photographer, Mr. Robert Hermes, added a pair of tree frogs (*Hyla gratiosa*) to his collection of pets he little thought that they would turn into trapeze artistes. But when he saw their amusing antics he built them a trapeze upon which they soon delighted to perform. Aided by the adhesive climbing-discs on their finger-tips these small creatures quickly learnt the technique of climbing up a piece of cord. In describing the "rope" climbing attempts of the first frog Mr. Hermes writes: "As the cord twisted and turned . . . one foot grabbed the other leg instead of the string and for a moment he almost lost his grip. . . . Once, both front feet missed the cord and he swung wildly, waving his

feet about for another hold. Then he would master the situation and clamber up hand over hand. . . . He very seldom tarried on the way up, but kept going until he reached the more comfortable branch at the top." Later, both frogs performed together on a tiny trapeze. When Mr. Hermes took these photographs the frogs "were trying to keep their balance on a new and difficult perch. One frog was placed on the trapeze. Then the other would jump from my hand with the persuasion of a little push. As he grabbed the trapeze he upset his friend. . . ." Mr. Hermes adds that when the frogs appeared to get tired of the show he gave them each a mealworm and returned them to their jar.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SWEETHEARTING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG'S coachman, who saw "Othello" (his first play) in the year 1864, said, when asked what it was about, "It ran upon sweethearting." When I think of it, that is a good portmanteau-word for the plays I have met during the temporary suspension of *The Illustrated London News*.

We might take "Othello" first. There the Old Vic has allowed Richard Burton and John Neville to alternate the parts of Othello and Iago. A useful experiment; not, I feel, a profound success, though

he gets some of the magnificent verse over to us. But it is a director's holiday: all is subdued to Guthrie's delight in experiment. Even the wise Ulysses (Richard Wordsworth) has difficulty in this setting.

Anouilh would probably relish the play. The bitterness, the evanescence, of love, is always his joy in the theatre. His cynical farce (with certain tragic undertones), "The Waltz of the Toreadors" (Criterion), has Hugh Griffith as a General who has rogued and ranged in his time, and who ought to be one of Troy's elder statesmen. It is clearly among the

assured successes of the year. So is that entirely different view of "sweethearting," Sheridan's "The Rivals" (Saville), which has had its run extended until July 28. Sheridan is as good-tempered about love as Anouilh is bitter. This is a timeless Bath, a city of a sunlit summer's day. The piece is managed with an enchanting sense of style. John Clements's Sir Anthony is not a character actor's complicated knot, but a still handsome veteran martinet; Athene Seyler's Malaprop, judging the familiar speeches to a fraction, is a woman who would be welcome in Bath society as an endearing eccentric; and the other

life in a sanatorium, the sweethearting has to be incidental. Although it is an ingenious little piece, and its dialogue could be trimmed, Mary Mackenzie's performance (not of an orthodox nurse, though she gets her cuffs right two seconds before Matron's round) does make us wish that, one day, she could have a strongly testing part: her attack and understanding are valuable.

I have noted in an extended Journal the other plays of the last two months. On the light musical stage, "Cranks" (St. Martin's) is a revue dangerously arch and capricious; "Summer Song" (Princes) is a good-hearted musical play about Dvorak in America, which rests on the undeniable fact that "just around the corner is the land of further on." "The Threepenny Opera" (now at the Aldwych) might not like to be called a light musical. This is an entertainment with pretensions: the Brecht-Weill satire—at some distance from Gay—on the Berlin of the late nineteen-twenties disguised as early Edwardian Soho: thoroughly unimportant now, but done with a spirit that can mitigate the tedium. Daphne Anderson comes through best.

So back to Shakespeare—more or less. "The Comedy of Errors," at the Arts, is a piece from Shakespeare's salad days that, when turned to operetta, calls inevitably for music by Julian Slade. Mr. Slade has a cheerful ingenuity. His librettists—if that is the term here for Shakespeare's collaborators, Lionel Harris and Robert McNab—have confined most of the lyrics to a word or a phrase. Several pleasant people take us through the intricate tangle of mixed identities, of recognitions and "sweethearting." I like, in particular, Lally Bowers as the alert Abbess, James Maxwell as a languid Duke who finds events in Ephesus quite beyond him, and David Bird, with his toast-and-apple-jelly voice, as the goldsmith Angelo and his inevitable chain. This is not to belittle the principals—Jane Wenham and David Peel, for example—and Bernard Cribbins is enjoyably alert as the two Dromios.



A PLAY WHICH HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL THAT IT HAS HAD ITS RUN EXTENDED UNTIL JULY 28: SHERIDAN'S "THE RIVALS" (SAVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. MALAPROP (ATHENE SEYLER); SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE (JOHN CLEMENTS) AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (LAURENCE HARVEY).

Mr. Neville is the better of the two actors. He can encompass the Othello music, even if he lacks the swell of passion, and his Iago has the acrid flash of an evil mind. Richard Burton, still a quietist, misses the sound of the one part and the dark malice of the other. His Iago is not a fellow with a worm in the brain; all we see is a very quiet young man. Rosemary Harris's Desdemona expresses the "sweethearting" and the heartbreak with more variety and truth than Desdemonas are apt to offer in these days.

Since then we have had an evening far more calculated to shock: Tyrone Guthrie's production of "Troilus and Cressida," not exactly in modern dress, but in an assortment of costumes devised to turn the long contention between frivolous Troy and factious Greece into a struggle between (let us say) Ruritania and the Central European Powers in the year 1912. There is no prologue, and it would certainly be odd to have it. The curtain rises on an elderly exquisite, straight from a Maugham comedy and clearly just back from a Trojan idea of Ascot, in talk with a young man whose mirror-winking breastplate seems to have been worn on a ceremonial parade. These prove to be Pandarus and Troilus, and the production goes on from there: we are not surprised when Cressida appears in a riding-habit. By the time the Greeks are having their war council in what (one feels) might well be the atmosphere of the Kaiser's Berlin, we are ready to take everything as it comes. And we have to take a great deal, including a Helen from a vanished Daly's, and a Thersites who is a grubby little camp-follower with sketch-book and camera.

The invention can be exciting. Indeed, this is a director's night out, and most of the performances illustrate expertly Mr. Guthrie's ideas: I grew tired of Pandarus's drawl, but that was a personal reaction, and Mr. Rogers certainly impressed the last speech upon memory. The trouble with this production is that the poetry disappears. We have all the points, the stupidity of "blood and iron" militarism, the hollowness of love; deceit and wantonness, "wars and lechery"; but, if the sense is in, the sound is out. It is for the poetry that many of us cherish "Troilus." Fortunately, John Neville is there to speak for the Trojan youth, and, against great odds,

parts—Paul Daneman's pre-Byronic Faulkland, for example—are done with the nicest touch: Peter Sallis's hop-skip-and-jump of a Fag lingers in the memory. (Since the premiere, Gwen Cherrell has followed Kay Hammond as Lydia.)

In "Ring for Catty" (Lyric), a document of



OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SHE SMILED AT ME" (St. Martin's).—A calamitous failure to turn Robertson's "Caste" into a musical comedy. (February 1-4.)
 "MISALLIANCE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Shaw's debate on parents and children ably done, with one memorable performance by Donald Pleasence as "the" of Lucinda Titmus. (February 8-March 24.)
 "THE THREEPENNY OPERA" (Royal Court; later transferred to Aldwych).—The Brecht-Weill variation on "The Beggar's Opera." (February 9.)
 "RING FOR CATTY" (Lyric).—An amiable little play, set in a sanatorium, with good performances by Mary Mackenzie and Patrick McGeehan. (February 14.)
 "DOCTOR JO" (Aldwych).—Sonia Dresdel, returning to London, had little chance in a painfully slow domestic drama. (February 15-March 17.)
 "SUMMER SONG" (Princes).—Laurence Naismith and Sally Ann Howes in ample musical comedy, with music arranged from Dvorak. (February 16.)
 "OTHELLO" (Old Vic).—Richard Burton and John Neville alternating Othello and Iago, and Neville coming off the better. (February 21 and February 22.)
 "THE RIVALS" (Saville).—Sheridan acted with a glinting good humour; John Clements as Sir Anthony, Athene Seyler as the Malaprop. (February 23.)
 "THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS" (Arts; later at Criterion).—Anouilh's bitter farce is one of the assured hits of the season. (February 24.)
 "CRANKS" (St. Martin's).—A revue (for a quartet) that is an acquired taste. (March 1.)
 "TABITHA" (Duchess).—An artificial "comedy-thriller." (March 8.)
 "THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK" (Duke of York's).—Theatre Workshop in an elongated strip-cartoon. (March 15.)
 "ONE BRIGHT DAY" (Apollo).—An efficient American drama (Big Business versus conscience); Clive Brook leads the cast. (March 20.)
 "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" (Arts).—More-or-less Shakespeare, with a lot of Julian Slade. Agreeable operetta. (March 28.)
 "THE MULBERRY BUSH" (Royal Court).—Angus Wilson's play, the first production of the English Stage Company. I will return to this next week. (April 2.)
 "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (Old Vic).—Tyrone Guthrie deals, Guthrie-fashion, and often excitingly, with the Shakespearean satire. Period: apparently just before the First World War. Good; but where, alas, is the poetry? It survives only in the voice of John Neville. (April 3.)

"ANOUILH'S BITTER FARCE IS ONE OF THE ASSURED HITS OF THE SEASON": "THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS" (CRITERION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) SIDONIA (HILDA BRAID); ESTELLA (ANNE BISHOP); GASTON (TRADER FAULKNER); AND THE GENERAL (HUGH GRIFFITH).

though here, I feel, is a mistake: the Dromios, who have to meet at the end in a short, but theatrically adroit scene (Shakespeare knew how to bring down his curtain) cannot really be doubled, even in operetta.

Still, few complaints. After all, remember what Frederick Reynolds did to "The Comedy of Errors" at Covent Garden in 1819. In this Luciana sang "It was a lover and his lass," Adriana had the Willow Song, and other numbers included the Bacchus song from "Antony and Cleopatra" and a quartet before a backcloth of snow-clad mountains, "When icicles hang by the wall," from "Love's Labour's Lost."

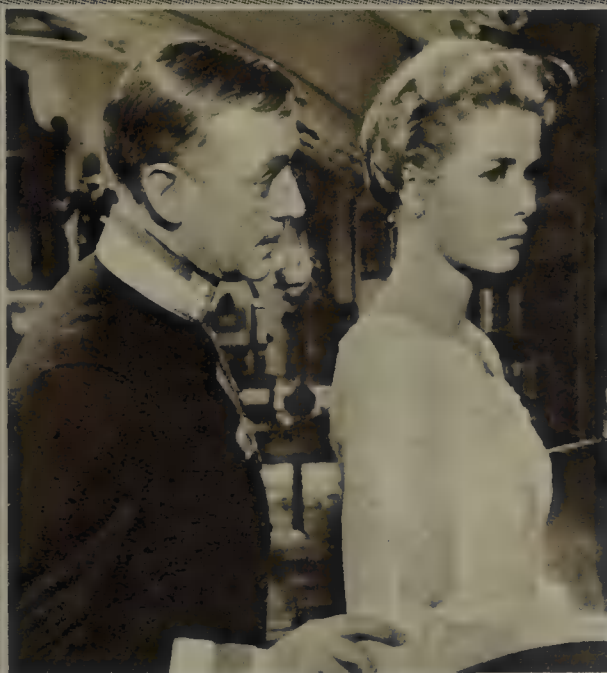
Now when is Mr. Guthrie going to produce "The Comedy of Errors"? And what, I wonder, would Julian Young's coachman have thought of the current "Troilus"?

THE FILM PRINCESS WHOSE TALE CAME TRUE: MISS KELLY IN "THE SWAN."



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (GRACE KELLY) SUGGESTS TO PRINCE ALBERT (ALEC GUINNESS) THAT HE SHOULD TAKE HER TO THE ROSE GARDEN.

THE PRINCE (ALEC GUINNESS) GREETES THE PRINCESS (GRACE KELLY—RIGHT) AND HER MOTHER, BEATRIX (JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS).



FATHER HYACINTH (BRIAN AHERNE), WHO IS BEATRIX'S BROTHER, WITH THE PRINCESS.

AT THIS STAGE MISUNDERSTANDINGS MOUNT BETWEEN THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

AGI (LOUIS JOURDAN) PACKS TO LEAVE AND THE PRINCESS WANTS TO GO WITH HIM.



THE PRINCE PREPARES TO TAKE THE PRINCESS IN TO SUPPER.

IN THE HUNGARY OF 1910: THE PRINCESS HAS A FENCING LESSON FROM AGI.

THE PRINCESS INTERRUPTS A QUARREL BETWEEN HER TWO ADMIRERS.

In many respects the story of the romance between Prince Rainier of Monaco and Miss Grace Kelly, whose wedding is arranged to take place next week, has a fairy-tale atmosphere which shines "like a good deed in a naughty world." By a strange coincidence, one of the last films which Miss Grace Kelly made before her engagement was "The Swan"—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer CinemaScope Colour Production—in which she plays the rôle of a

beautiful Princess whose hand in marriage is won by a Prince (Alec Guinness). The action of the film takes place in the Hungary of 1910, and Miss Kelly looks as enchantingly beautiful as a film princess as she will doubtless appear in a few days' time when she becomes the real-life bride of the reigning sovereign of Monaco. "The Swan" is to have its London première at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on April 26.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES: SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION AND AVIATION ACHIEVEMENTS.



ONE OF A SERIES OF RECENT REMARKABLE EVENTS ON THE SUN: THREE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN NEW MEXICO OF AN OUTBURST OF FLAMING GAS FROM THE SUN ON FEB. 10. On February 10 a series of photographs were taken at the United States Sacramento Peak Observatory in New Mexico of a huge outburst of flaming gas from the sun. Three of these pictures, which were taken at the rate of four a minute, are reproduced above. They show the rapid expansion of this bubble of gas, which, as seen in the right-hand photograph, finally achieved a diameter of about 20,000 miles, and shot 200,000 miles out into space.



A TRAINING MODIFICATION OF THE U.S. NAVY'S MOST RECENT SWEEP-WING FIGHTER: THE GRUMMAN F9F-8T COUGAR FIGHTER, WHICH HAS TWO COCKPITS, BUT RETAINS ALL THE SPEED AND RANGE OF THE BASIC AIRCRAFT.



A NEW U.S. GUIDED MISSILE BEING LAUNCHED AT THE PATRICK AIR FORCE BASE AT FLORIDA: THE SNARK SURFACE-TO-SURFACE GUIDED MISSILE SEEN DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION.

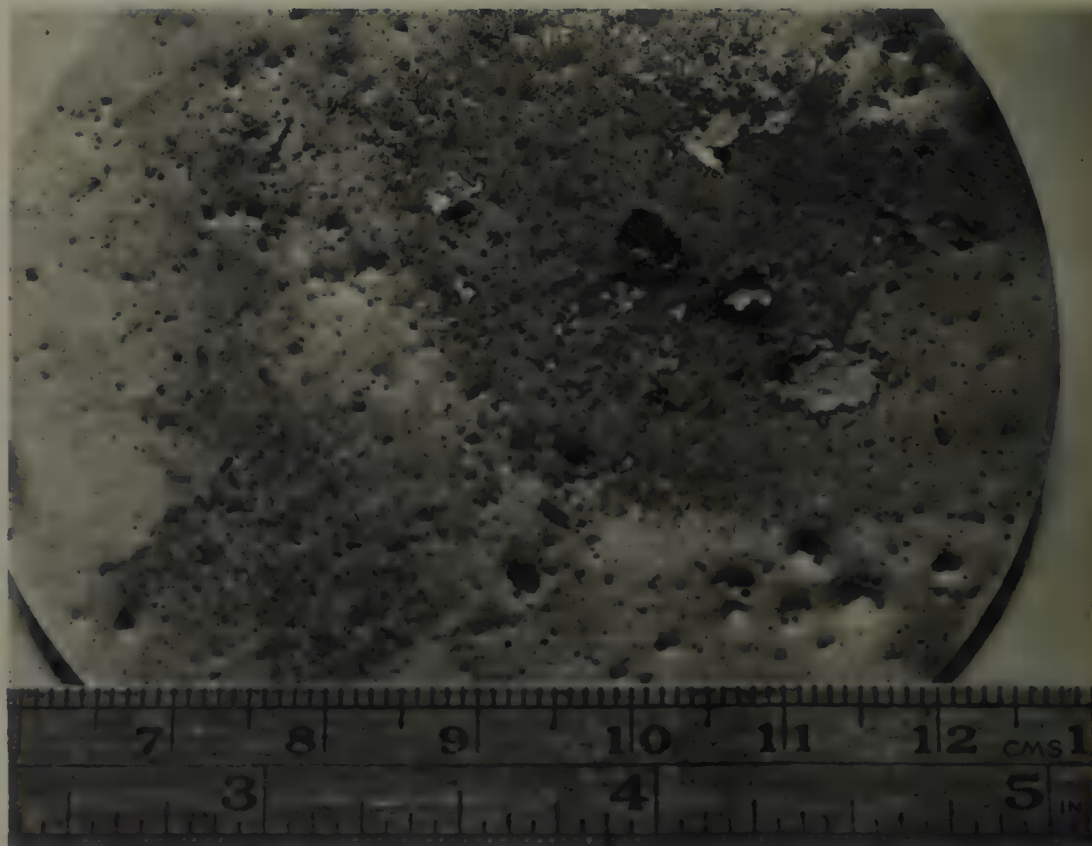


THE FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW U.S. AIR FORCE NORTHROP SM-62 SNARK, WHICH WAS RELEASED ON FEBRUARY 20.

In February some concern was shown in the United States because it was felt that Russia might be ahead of the United States in the design and production of guided missiles. The U.S. Air Force has since released the photograph reproduced above of the *Snark* inter-continental guided missile, which is now undergoing tests in Florida.



AT ARMOUR RESEARCH FOUNDATION OF ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: A SHOCK TUBE USED TO SHOOT PARTICLES OF DUST AT ENORMOUS SPEEDS TO TEST EROSION THAT MAY BE CAUSED TO SPACE VEHICLES.



PENETRATED BY SPECKS OF DUST SHOT THROUGH A SHOCK TUBE AT 4000 FT. PER SECOND: A COPPER PLATE .008 OF AN INCH THICK SEEN DURING RECENT EXPERIMENTS TO STUDY THE DAMAGE THAT MAY BE CAUSED TO A SATELLITE VEHICLE BY THE IMPACT OF AIRBORNE DUST AND HEAT GENERATED BY AIR FRICTION.

FROM THE ROYAL EASTER SHOW AT SYDNEY TO THE DISASTROUS TORNADOES IN THE U.S.



THE GRAND PARADE AFTER THE OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONY OF THIS YEAR'S SYDNEY ROYAL EASTER SHOW: THIS HUGE SHOW, STAGED BY THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HONOURED IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA: THE CEREMONY AT ROQUEBRUNE-CAP-MARTIN, OF WHICH HE WAS MADE AN HONORARY CITIZEN. Sir Winston Churchill has been spending some weeks in the French Riviera. On March 31 he was made an honorary citizen of Roquebrune-Cap-Martin, near which he has been staying. The ceremony took place in the Mairie, where the Mayor handed a diploma to Sir Winston.



FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: FORT BELVEDERE, IN SURREY, WHICH HAS NOW BECOME THE HOME OF THE HON. MR. AND MRS. GERALD LASCELLES. AT ONE STAGE IT WAS FEARED THAT THE HOUSE, WHICH WAS THE DUKE'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE BEFORE HIS ABDICATION, MIGHT HAVE TO BE DESTROYED.



AT THE HISPANO-MOROCCAN TALKS IN MADRID: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO (CENTRE) SEEN WITH GENERAL FRANCO (RIGHT) IN THE PRADO PALACE. THE SULTAN ARRIVED ON APRIL 4, AND AFTER THREE DAYS OF NEGOTIATIONS, THE EXPECTED SPAIN-MOROCCO AGREEMENT WAS SIGNED.



DEVASTATION APPROACHES STANDALE, IN MICHIGAN: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE MANY TORNADO FUNNELS WHICH HAVE CAUSED SEVERE DAMAGE AND CASUALTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

On April 2 and 3 a series of disastrous tornadoes hit nine States in the south and midwest of the United States. At least forty-four people lost their lives and over 300 were injured. The extensive damage to property is estimated at 15,000,000 dollars. Some of the heaviest damage and casualties were caused in



THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AFTER A TORNADO HAD STRUCK THE HAMLET OF HUDSONVILLE, NEAR GRAND RAPIDS, IN MICHIGAN, ON APRIL 3. AT LEAST THIRTEEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED HERE.

the western section of Michigan, in the area near the city of Grand Rapids. Among the other States affected were Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Kansas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee and Missouri. Elsewhere in the United States violent storms and winds have caused further damage and casualties.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE WINTERGREENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

OF wintergreens there are two—no, three kinds. There is that large important family the winter greens, no hyphen, and not, if you please, to be confused with the

mere greens, despite their common ancestry with the brassica-greens. Then there is that charming dwarf American evergreen shrub, *Gaultheria procumbens*, with white, pink-flushed bell flowers and big scarlet berries. This is the wintergreen which, used in medicine, imparts such a pleasant, aromatic aroma to certain

had sat as models for Utrillo. It was an easy walk into Le Touquet from Etaples, and I lost no time in starting my hunt for *Pyrola*, though at first I wasted the best part of a morning ransacking the sand-dunes along the coast. But later I came upon the plant growing in great quantity in the thin woodland on either side of the road just before coming into Le Touquet from Etaples. There were wide patches of the round, glossy, leathery leaves, the plants growing in light, sandy, leaf-mouldy soil among low under-scrub, and I soon found that the roots were very easy to collect. They ran about an inch or two below ground surface, as a rambling system of white, thread-like shoots, conveniently tough and wiry, but with not very much root fibre. So plentiful was the plant over such a wide area that I did not hesitate to collect a really useful quantity with which to experiment at home, and to my delight, and I confess rather to my surprise, I found it not at all difficult to grow and flower. We potted up the roots, good generous lengths of them, curled round in smallish pots in almost pure leaf mould, with silver sand and a little peat added. And what an enchanting flower it is, with its strong resemblance to lily-of-the-valley. Erect, wiry, 6- to 9-in. stems, carrying white bell flowers exactly in the manner of lily-of-the-valley, and with the same wonderful fragrance. But the flowers have this difference. They have a long central protruding style, which is curiously curved or undulating, like the tongue of some rather over-heraldic dragon. I made that first Easter raid on *Pyrola* alone, but I returned many times afterwards, usually with my good friend Frank Barker, and for years we were able to offer from the Six Hills Nursery established pot-grown plants of *Pyrola rotundifolia*. Delightful little Easter holidays they were, and how cheap! I remember starting the first solitary visit with exactly £10 in my wallet. Ten pounds—just to be on the safe side. I started on the Thursday and returned on the following Tuesday. I travelled first-class, fared well, simply, but delightfully Frenchly at the little hotel in Etaples, where



THE LARGER WINTERGREEN, *PYROLA ROTUNDIFOLIA*, "WITH WHITE BELL FLOWERS IN THE MANNER OF LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY, AND WITH THE SAME WONDERFUL FRAGRANCE." (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

ointments and other nostrums, warming, comforting and convincing. Lastly, there is the small family of *Pyrolas*, also known as wintergreens. Of these there are some five wild British species, all of them plants of interest and beauty, and all more or less rare. Perhaps the most beautiful and the rarest is *Pyrola uniflora*, known also as *Moneses grandiflora*. In Britain it is found only in Scotland, in pinewoods from Perth to Aberdeen and northwards. It has never been my good fortune to find this species wild in this country, but I have met it growing among moss and pine needles at Landslebourg, the village some miles below Mt. Cenis. The big, white saucer-shaped flowers, carried singly upon erect 6-in. stems, are intensely fragrant. It is extremely difficult to grow in captivity, and only once have I heard of anyone succeeding with it for any length of time and flowering it in his garden. That was in Yorkshire.

Pyrola rotundifolia, on the other hand, is not nearly so rare in Britain, and is relatively easy to grow if a few simple precautions are taken. A few years ago—in the early 1920's—a friend told me that *Pyrola rotundifolia* grew in great abundance around Le Touquet, so off I went to spend a long Easter week-end at the little near-by fishing town of Etaples to have a look at *Pyrola*, and perchance to collect roots in the hope of growing the plant. Etaples was, and, for all I know, still is, a favourite haunt of artists, especially, I think, the quaysides and the fishing fleet. The rather empty streets all look as though they

it was always a case of "a bottle of the best," which, if not outstanding vintage, was exactly right for the circumstances. There were several rather more ambitious meals in Le Touquet, and an expedition to the little town of Montreuil-sur-Mer, where I attended a ball celebrating the winning by the town of a wonderful football cup. That was a great affair. In passing the hall late in the evening I heard sounds of revelry by night, went in, paid a small subscription for the great

football celebration dance, and spent an amusing evening. At half-time, about midnight, the famous cup was carried in and placed in the centre of the dance floor, a noble vase about 4 ft. high, porcelain, embellished with painted scenes of football. The scene of enthusiasm was tremendous. There was a great battle of confetti, and the champagne, which hitherto had flowed like water at a price reckoned in pennies per glass, now fairly deluged. Then dancing was resumed, on a floor literally ankle-deep in confetti. I left just in time to go and cool off on a seat on the ramparts of the city wall, to see the dawn and to hear the great dawn chorus coming up from the country spread out below.

As I have said, I set out upon that long week-end holiday with £10, and with the best will in the world I failed to spend anything like all of it. In fact, I arrived home with quite a substantial amount of change in my pocket. It's terrifying to think what the same little expedition would cost to-day!

To grow the Larger Wintergreen, as *Pyrola rotundifolia* is called in the vernacular, I would suggest a bed of leaf mould, peat moss litter and silver sand in some shady or half-shady place in the rock garden, or among choice dwarf shrubs. Another ideal place would be in a woodland garden, in the light shade of birches, or among hazel or cob nuts, with a good helping of leaf mould dug in. But where you could obtain established pot-grown specimens of the plant I can not tell you, though it is pretty certain that there are one or two specialist nurserymen who have it.



CREeping WINTERGREEN, "THAT CHARMING DWARF AMERICAN EVERGREEN SHRUB, *GAULTHERIA PROCUMBENS*, WITH WHITE, PINK-FLUSHED BELL FLOWERS AND BIG SCARLET BERRIES." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

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But do not collect it wild in this country. It is much too rare and beautiful. Far better nip over to Etaples and bring a few roots from the acres of the plant which abound in the woods around Le Touquet. If you go at Easter—it's too late for Easter this year—I suggest a visit to Montreuil-sur-Mer—which, by the by, is not on the sea—and I sincerely hope you will find the good burghers again winners of the great football cup and celebrating with dancing on a floor ankle-deep with confetti. It is the perfect contrasting prelude to the dawn and the dawn chorus as seen from a seat on the town's ramparts.

Once upon a time I heard, or read of a pink-flowered form of *Pyrola rotundifolia*, called *incarnata*. This sounded too beautiful for words, and I could not rest until I obtained a specimen—from Canada. Certainly the flowers were pinkish. But it was a poor thing, a sore disappointment.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



**NOW EIGHTY: MR. WALTER STONEMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER OF FAMOUS MEN.**

On April 7 Mr. Walter Stoneman, F.R.P.S., the photographer of famous men for some fifty years, celebrated his eightieth birthday. He has been official photographer to the National Portrait Gallery for forty years, and many of his studies have appeared in our pages. Among his subjects are many of the Royal family and famous soldiers, politicians and ecclesiastics. He is still active in his profession, which he entered sixty-five years ago.



**APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF BIRMINGHAM CITY
MUSEUM: DR. MARY WOODALL.**

Dr. Mary Woodall, Deputy Director and Keeper of the Department of Art, Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery since 1945, has been appointed Director of the Museum. Dr. Woodall was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College and Somerville College, Oxford, and studied at the Slade School of Art. She has published two works on Gainsborough. She succeeds Mr. Trenchard Cox, who has been appointed Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



**FRIEND OF QUEEN MARY: THE LATE
DOWAGER LADY AIRLIE.**

The Dowager Countess of Airlie, who died on April 7, aged ninety, was a close friend of Queen Mary, to whom she was Lady of the Bedchamber for fifty years. She was the mother of the present Earl; her husband was killed in action in the South African War. She was the author of three books: "In Whig Society, 1775-1818"; "Lady Palmerston and her Times," and "With the Guards We Shall Go." Lady Airlie was very active for numerous charitable causes.



**RELEASED FROM PRISON ■ POLAND:
MR. WLADYSLAW GOMULKA.**

Mr. Wladyslaw Gomulka, formerly Secretary of the Polish Communist Party and Deputy Premier, has been released from prison and restored to full rights. He had been arrested in 1951 on charges of "Titoism," but was never brought to trial. It was also announced from Warsaw that many other political prisoners have been released, including twenty officers. This step has been taken in line with current Soviet policy.



**AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE: THE LATE
MR. FRANK JAY GOULD.**

Mr. Frank Jay Gould, the American millionaire, who settled in France and developed the Riviera resort of Juan-les-Pins, died on April 1 aged seventy-nine. He was the youngest son of the late Jay Gould, the U.S. railway pioneer, and it is estimated that he has left more than £35,000,000. It is reported that he made two wills which have given rise to some disputes. His widow and two daughters are believed to be the chief beneficiaries.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**TO BE G.O.C., MALAYA COMMAND:
MAJOR-GENERAL R. H. BOWER.**

Major-General Roger Herbert Bower, who has been Chief of Staff, Allied Forces, Northern Europe, since May 1955, has been appointed G.O.C. Malaya Command, with the temporary rank of lieutenant-general, with effect from May 17. During World War II he served with airborne troops and commanded air landing brigades. He served in Germany from 1948 until 1950, when he was appointed Director of Land/Air Warfare.



**LEAVING THE U.S. FOR MONACO: MISS GRACE KELLY ABOARD THE LINER
CONSTITUTION WITH HER MOTHER AND FATHER.**

Miss Grace Kelly sailed from the United States on April 4 in the liner *Constitution* on her way to Monaco for her wedding with Prince Rainier. There is to be a civil marriage ceremony on April 18, followed the next day by the religious ceremony in the Cathedral. Before leaving the United States, Miss Kelly faced a huge Press conference in the liner.



**THE NEW PRIMATE OF GREECE:
ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS.**

On April 1 Bishop Dorotheos, formerly Metropolitan of Larissa, was enthroned as the new Archbishop of Athens and all Greece. The new Primate is sixty-seven and was consecrated Bishop of Larissa some twenty years ago. He is regarded as an authority on Canon Law. After his election Archbishop Dorotheos has stated that he would continue "the national struggles for Cyprus" of his predecessor, and sent warm greetings to the people of Cyprus.



**THE FUNERAL OF THE INFANTE DON ALFONSO: THE YOUNG PRINCE'S FAMILY AND SOME OF
THE SEVERAL HUNDRED SPANISH ROYALISTS WHO LOOKED ON AS THE PAPAL NUNCIO,
MGR. FERNANDO CENTO, BLESSED THE COFFIN.**

The funeral of the Infante Don Alfonso took place at Cascias on March 31. The Prince's father, the Spanish Pretender Don Juan, stands behind the coffin with Colonel Bento Franca (in uniform), representing the President of the Portuguese Republic, on his right. Prince Juan Carlos (in uniform), who witnessed the accident, stands behind his father.



**THE INFANTE DON ALFONSO OF BOURBON:
ACCIDENTALLY SHOT DEAD.**

The Infante Don Alfonso of Bourbon, the fourteen-year-old second son of Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, the Spanish Pretender, was accidentally shot dead when cleaning a pistol on March 29, while on holiday at Estoril, in Portugal. The Infante, who was at school in Madrid, was spending the Easter holidays with his parents and elder brother, Prince Juan Carlos, who was present when the accident occurred. The Prince was soon to enter the naval academy of Marin.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: HOME NEWS IN PICTURES.



YOUNG ROYAL EQUESTRIANS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, ALREADY MOUNTED, IS READY TO MOVE OFF AND PRINCESS ANNE IS ABOUT TO BE HELPED ONTO HER PONY.



FIRE IN THE FLORAL HALL AT COVENT GARDEN: THE SCENE AS FIREMEN HAD JUST QUELLED THE FLAMES.

On April 6 fire broke out in the glass-domed floral hall of Covent Garden Market, adjoining the Royal Opera House. Firemen fought the blaze, and people in the building, and workmen repairing the roof, escaped unhurt, although considerable damage was caused by the fire. The Opera House was undamaged.



AFTER HER HORSE WON THE 2000 GUINEAS TRIAL STAKES AT KEMPTON PARK: THE QUEEN SMILING HER CONGRATULATIONS TO W. H. CARR, WHO HAD RIDDEN HER THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT *HIGH VELDT*.



UNVEILED BY LADY DUNDEE ON THE WALL OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: A MEMORIAL TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

On April 11 a memorial to Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot who was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Bartholomew's Fair, Smithfield, in 1305, was unveiled by Lady Dundee. A demonstration during the National Anthem and was promptly dealt with by Mr. Walter Elliot, M.P.



IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY ON APRIL 5: MR. MALENKOV PLACING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF KARL MARX. ON THE NEXT DAY HE SAW THE READING ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM WHERE MARX AND LATER LENIN DID MUCH OF THEIR WORK.



ERECTED IN A NICHE AT THE EAST END OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: A BUST OF CHARLES I. A leaden bust of Charles I, a twin of that which stands over the door of the Royal United Services Museum, has been erected in a newly built stone niche at the east end of St. Margaret's, Westminster, overlooking the Houses of Parliament. Mr. H. Hope-Nicholson presented the busts which he found in an antique shop.



TRAINING AT THE WINDSOR FOREST STUD, ASCOT: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EQUESTRIAN JUMPING TEAM FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES TO BE HELD IN STOCKHOLM.

This photograph of the British equestrian jumping team shows (l. to r.) Colonel Harry Llewellyn on *Aherlow*; Mr. Wilf White on *Nizfela*; Miss Pat Smythe on *Flanagan*; Mr. P. Robeson on *Craven A*; Miss D. Palethorpe on *Earlsrath Rambler*; Mrs. Bryan Marshall on *Nobbler*; Major R. Dallas on *Marmion* and Miss Susan Whitehead (who has since broken her collarbone while jumping) on *Scorchin*.



AT PRINCE'S GOLF CLUB, SANDWICH, KENT: MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' CURTIS CUP TEAM TO PLAY THE U.S.A. HERE IN JUNE.

Our photograph shows: l. to r. (back row) Miss P. Garvey, of County Louth, Ireland; Miss A. Ward, of Prince's Golf Club; Miss V. Anstey, of Edgbaston, and Mrs. A. Howard, of Whitefield. (Front row) Miss E. Price, of Hankley Common; Mrs. F. Smith, of Royal Birkdale; Mrs. Z. Bolton, of the Royal Portrush, Ireland (non-playing captain); Mrs. J. Valentine, of Craig Hill, Scotland; and Miss J. Robertson, of Lengie, Scotland.

AT THE OLD VIC: A RURITANIAN REVIVAL OF "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."



AENEAS (DENIS HOLMES—CENTRE) ISSUES HECTOR'S CHALLENGE TO MEET ONE OF THE GREEKS IN SINGLE COMBAT. ON THE RIGHT IS AGAMEMNON, LEADER OF THE GREEKS (DEREK FRANCIS).



SHOWING THE UNUSUAL DÉCOR BY FREDERICK CROOKE: HELEN (WENDY HILLER) ENTERTAINS PANDARUS (PAUL ROGERS) AND PARIS (RONALD ALLEN) IN HER "CONSERVATORY."

THE audience who were expecting an unusual revival of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," which opened at the Old Vic on April 3, were not disappointed. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie had many surprises in store. Mr. Trewin, writing "The World of the Theatre" in this issue, describes the opening scene:—"The curtain rises on an elderly exquisite, straight from a Maugham comedy and clearly just back from a Trojan idea of Ascot, in talk with a young man whose mirror-winking breastplate seems to have been worn on a ceremonial parade. These prove to be Pandarus and Troilus, and the production goes on from there. . . ." The play is set in a pre-World War I Ruritania and the Greeks and Trojans are resplendent in

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THREE OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN THEIR "NOT EXACTLY MODERN DRESS": (L. TO R.) PANDARUS (PAUL ROGERS); CRESSIDA (ROSEMARY HARRIS) AND TROILUS (JOHN NEVILLE).



Continued.] uniforms modelled on those of the armies of Prussia and Austria, with a sprinkling of matelots for a little French flavouring. The décor and costumes are by Frederick Crooke, who has let his fancy wander freely, as in Helen's shocking-pink hobbled evening dress which cannot make her piano-playing an easier task. The costumes worn by the Ruritanian Trojans are gorgeous in the extreme and contrast with the more sober and more practical military attire worn by the Greeks and their leading strategist, Ulysses (Richard Wordsworth), who appears as an admiral. The whole business is most inventive and exciting but, alas, the poetry, except when John Neville is speaking as Troilus, is sadly extinguished. This revival is the first at the Old Vic since 1923, when it was produced, under the direction of Robert Atkins, to complete the record of all Shakespeare's plays and to mark the tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio.



THE GREEK COUNCIL OF WAR IN AN IMPRESSIVE THOUGH UNUSUAL SETTING: A SCENE FROM TYRONE GUTHRIE'S CURRENT PRODUCTION OF "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."



CRESSIDA, DRESSED IN A RIDING HABIT, WITH HER GROOM ALEXANDER (AUBREY MORRIS) AND PANDARUS WATCHING THE TROJAN ARMY RETURNING FROM THE DAY'S BATTLE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A MOMENT'S thought will suggest that novels with a purpose, if they are to be written at all, ought to be anti-popular. There is no intellectual or moral seriousness in preaching to the converted; and though it is nearly always done, it almost invariably produces hackwork. Witness the "Iron-Curtain" motif, which has declined into a property of the straight or journalistic thriller, and a chestnut at that. It must have occurred to all of us that "there are human beings over there," and that they can't be weltering in political sin and misery the whole time. And one must feel that a novel which defies this legend is likely to be superior *ipso facto*.

"A Means of Grace," by Edith Pargeter (Heinemann; 15s.), is not merely superior but noble: not only in substance but in manner, an extreme contrast and overwhelming rebuke to the journalistic school. Emmy Marryat has two countries. She has a home in London—and an apparently dearer home in a foreign city, which we may as well call Prague. At any rate, it has newly embraced Communism. In English eyes, it is now "a piece broken from the world"—a habitation of dragons, which it would be mad, fantastic, even a kind of treason to revisit. "You're going back there?" they say incredulously. But to Emmy, "it's the same country it always was, and contains the same people it always did." She has her visa; and she is going to stay with her "other" family, the Ivanescus. It is as simple as that.

And the unchanged, almost seraphic Ivanescus fall on her neck. They are not cowed; they are not even in opposition. They describe the changeover, not as an act of violence, but as an inevitable choice. And good has come of it. Young Wanda, with her blaze of "wild originality," is transfigured by it. Wanda can see flaws, but has no doubts; the rest, like Emmy herself, are facing both ways. Up to a point, they all sympathise with Yuri Dushek, who is being dismissed the university not for a crime, but for a political black mark. But they don't all regard him as blameless; and when he flees the country, they are all shocked.

In the usual "Iron-Curtain" drama, this intransigent young Adonis would be the hero. In this case, he is the lost soul. Emmy did warn him; she knew how easy it is for the political "refugee" to become a renegade. And Emmy and Lubov Ivanescu are the examples. They love each other; in a divided world, they will remain free and neutral—but they can't cross the line; because the very act of crossing is interpreted as allegiance. Lubov won't go, even when he has been framed on a treason charge. And after all, it doesn't stick; there is justice in his country—as much, the writer seems to imply, as anywhere else.

A noble story, with a lot of unpleasant truth in it; but not a good novel-with-a-purpose. First, because these people are not like us. They are too beautiful, too "blazingly" immaculate, too "lambent-eyed"; the very prison-warders exude sweetness and light. And secondly, because the incessant you're-another ends by putting one's back up. So, when we hear that in this family "it doesn't do to be late," and people "freel" at an unexpected ringing of the doorbell, there is an irresistible temptation to say "Ah ha!"

OTHER FICTION.

"Harry Black," by David Walker (Collins; 12s. 6d.), reveals this talented but unsettled author at the peak of his form, although the actual substance is a jumble of more or less shopworn odds and ends. The arrogant, irresponsible "born leader" with a bleeding heart. Polo and playful subalterns in India: the P.O.W. camp, and the escape: Canadian interlude, and encounter with the One Woman, naturally his best friend's wife. Parting, unhappy marriage, drink and disintegration in a Darjeeling tea-garden: and then the last act at Rimli, stalking a last man-eater in the "deep dark jungles"—which is a thing he "did do well," and for which Christian and her husband have inevitably turned up again. With an appealing little boy, to excruciate the last conflict of love and duty. *Au fond*, it is banal enough in all conscience. And hardly even well-knit; the flashbacks are not woven into the narrative, they are barefaced interpolations.

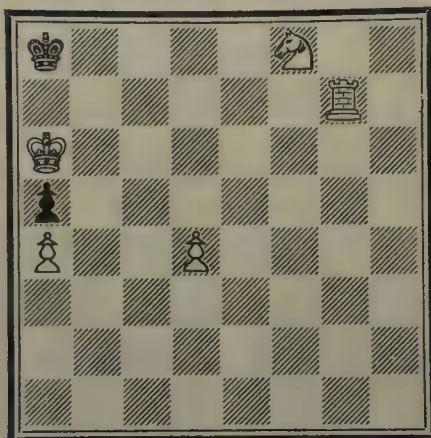
And yet one can't say that the dazzling effectiveness is pure manner. The ingredients have their share; hackneyed or not, they are abundant and twopence-coloured, and produced with authority, and full of drama. Above all, the pervasive, intermittent and recurrent tiger-hunt is superb. Without filling the story, it provides an atmosphere. It combines the elements of an adventure, a detective story, and uncanny tale, a psychological crisis and a symbolic Doom. But then we come back to the manner. This is the real unity—the unflaggingly bold, brilliant, impressionistic style.

"Beloved Lady," by Barbara Jefferis (Dent; 15s.), rates three stars for the addict of historical fiction, and a strong recommendation to outsiders. Here we have a remarkably good and simple, but very difficult idea, perfectly brought off. At first, it seems surprising that the courtship of Margery Paston and her father's steward, Richard Calle, has not been used long ago—which it has not to my knowledge. But on second thoughts, one can't wonder. The love-story is a gift, but such a slender gift; and against that, we have the whole welter of the Paston Letters, with their complicated land-grabbing, their extraordinarily matter-of-fact, brutal family life, and all the imbecile fluctuations of the civil war. Not an inviting background; and not at all easy to digest. But this writer has made a job of it. The romance is touching—and little Margery a truly heroic figure, in an age that went in for beating its recalcitrant daughters to a jelly, dragging them about by the hair, and shutting them up for years on end. But the superficially repulsive background is the real triumph. It is all there—in no way softened, but put across, and in a manner humanised, by sheer firmness. The style was vital to the attempt; and it is first-rate.

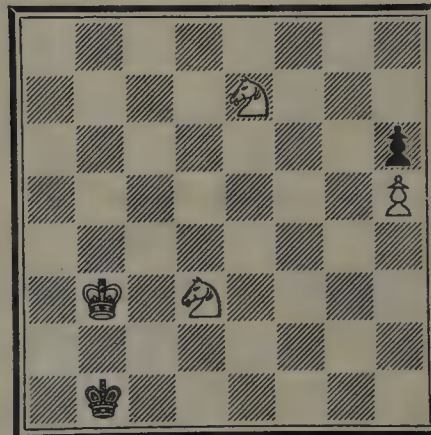
"A Corpse for Charybdis," by Susan Gilruth (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), features another murder-on-voyage. This time on the m.v. *Jadran*, a Yugoslavian cargo-boat knocking around the Mediterranean and Adriatic with a handful of tourists. It is a nice amusing story, with a Cook's-tour background and a most engaging bunch of Yugoslavs—especially the Chief Officer.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



White (playing up the board) to play and mate by a pawn check in four moves.



White, playing up the diagram, to play and mate in sixteen moves without capturing the black pawn.

In Pakistan has appeared a new chess star; sixteen-year-old Naseer Husain. His father was a leading figure in Cawnpore chess but, about 1932, rather lost interest in the game. Young Naseer, within two years of learning the game in 1950 at the age of ten, defeated three of the strongest players from Delhi in a tournament in his home town, Karachi. At twelve, competing with local experts, he finished first with a score of eighteen out of twenty. Since then his genius has unfolded and beyond question he is now the strongest player in Pakistan.

Locally, his ability has earned great respect. It has been taken seriously, amusingly so in some ways; the scores of some of his games have been sent me, sealed and attested at Karachi magistrates' court as a guarantee of their authenticity.

Young Naseer himself seems courteous and unspoilt. The two positions above reached me with a note: "Wishing you and Mem Sahib a happy Christmas... I send herewith two interesting problems for insertion in your esteemed magazine on the occasion of Christmas." (Their appearance has been sadly delayed by the printing dispute, *inter alia*.) But how thoughtful, on the part of a Mohammedan boy, to compose and send, as a Christmas gift, two problems with such a seasonal flavour!

He is, of course, quite isolated from European chess. I wonder how long geography and finance will prevent him from pitting his strength against the world's leading masters?

Solutions to the problems:

- (1) 1. R-Q7, K-Kt1; 2. R-Q8ch, K-B2; 3. Kt-K6ch, K-B3; 4. P-Q5 mate.
- (2) 1. Kt-B6, K-R8; 2. Kt(B6)-Kt4, K-Kt8; 3. K-R3, K-R8; 4. K-R4, K-Kt8; 5. K-Kt3, K-R8; 6. Kt-B1, K-Kt8; 7. Kt(B1)-R2, K-R8; 8. Kt-B2ch, K-Kt8; 9. Kt-Q4, K-R8; 10. Kt-KB3, K-Kt8; 11. Kt-Kt5, K-R8 (or 11... P×Kt; 12. P-R6, etc.); 12. Kt-QB3, P×Kt; 13. P-R6, P-Kt5; 14. P-R7, P-Kt6; 15. P-R8(Q), P-Kt7; 16. Q-QR8 mate.

valuable for the young, and most instructive and entertaining for those of riper years. A part of Britain which I do not know, but would now like to do so, is dealt with in the latest Regional Books series. In "Gower," by Olive Phillips (Hale; 18s.), this little-known region between Carmarthen and Swansea Bays is satisfyingly delineated. It is a region, if one is to believe the photographs with which the book is (as usual in this series) excellently illustrated, which combines the historic with the modern, the picturesque with the industrial. Gower is evidently the meeting-place of two cultures, as its division into Gower Anglica and Gower Wallica shows. Some of the finest prehistoric caves in the country are to be found there, and its history is a microcosm of Wales and England. A worthy addition to this excellent series.

Once more I have to recommend Mr. J. C. Trewin's taste in his selection of plays of the year. "Plays of The Year. 12" (Elek; 18s.). This is the twelfth volume in this series, and contains five plays. Mr. Trewin's selection is admirable and I am particularly glad that he has included Mr. R. C. Sherriff's "The Long Sunset," a vivid evocation of the end of the Roman occupation of Britain.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM MEMORIES OF YOUTH TO PLAYS OF THE YEAR.

MR. RICHARD HERON WARD, the author of "A Gallery of Mirrors" (Gollancz; 16s.), is a curious and remarkable writer. He has always had a rare and unusual pen from the time when he used to contribute to our school magazine. As a boy he was dreamy and detached. He did not please when a year or two after he left Stowe he wrote a bitter book in which he caricatured the greatest headmaster of this century, and one of the kindest and best of men. He had been, we had been given to understand, misunderstood—though to be "misunderstood" at Stowe, *consule Roxburgh*, was something of a feat. But, then, that was the period when the type "The Truth at last about the Public Schools" appeared to be left perpetually standing at one famous publishers, and every boy who had objected to polishing his O.T.C. equipment discovered that it was because he was an idealist anti-militarist at heart. Mr. Ward's new book is cast in an unusual and attractive mould. He takes a number of characters and situations which affected his life up to the age of eighteen, and treats them in nearly every case with a delicate sensitivity. Some indeed stand out. There is, for example, an affectionate portrait of the school chaplain, and the final chapter, entitled "Eternity in an Hour," describing his eighteen-year-old love-affair with a French girl by a country stream in France, is a fairy tale, by Freud out of Innocence. There are occasionally things which jar. The repeated sneers at his headmaster will do no harm to the memory of the late J. F. Roxburgh, but make Mr. Ward appear a littler man than he is. I am not sure, too, that one passage does not provide grounds for a libel action! Describing a Guy Fawkes night in Oxford, Mr. Ward says of a friend: "... his attitude to the President of the Union (who had been at school with us), when this personage saw us from a first-floor window and threw an empty champagne-bottle at us to attract our attention." Now the only two old Stoic Presidents of the Union in Mr. Ward's time were Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter and the present reviewer. I can assure Mr. Ward that your reviewer has never thrown a bottle of any sort at anyone, and as for the present Minister of Pensions and National Insurance—the idea is unthinkable! It would appear that Mr. Ward is a better imaginative writer than a factual reporter. But the charm of this book is Mr. Ward's remarkable capacity for evoking the feelings and the emotions of youth. It is its strength—and perhaps Mr. Ward's weakness. Peter Pan possessing the secret of eternal youth is a pleasing Barrie whimsy. Peter Pan at the age of forty-five might sometimes make one impatient. When, if ever, Mr. Ward finally grows up, he may write some very good books indeed. On the other hand, just possibly, he may lose in the process the gift which makes this book outstanding.

For those who are interested in the development of the English house and its furnishings, I can warmly recommend "The English Home—A Thousand Years of Furniture and Decoration," by Doreen Yarwood (Batsford; 45s.). Mrs. Yarwood has a splendid capacity for evoking the past, and her drawings—there are 750 of them in addition to photographic illustrations—greatly enhance this book. We are taken from the halls of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, through the immense profusion of the eighteenth century to late-Victorian and Edwardian times. It is fascinating to find ourselves once more in an Edwardian bathroom (how terrifying the geyser looks!) and to see again such once-familiar sights as knife-cleaning machines, early vacuum cleaners, and, best of all, the original "gramophones" with their cylindrical records, which constituted the simple delights of one's youth. (Incidentally, surely Mrs. Yarwood is wrong in describing this machine as a "gramophone"? Ours, with such admirable records as "I'll tell Tilly on the Telephone" or "John Bull's Budget"—a hit at Mr. Lloyd-George—was called a "phonograph.") Indeed, excellent as is the text, it is these illustrations which make the book.

At a time when Anglo-French understanding has never been more important, but leaves a great deal to be desired, the appearance of "Modern France," by F. C. Roe (Longmans; 21s.), is most timely. Mr. Roe is Professor of French Studies at Aberdeen University, and is evidently a knowledgeable and clear-eyed Francophile. His self-appointed task is to bring home to the British reader the vast debt owed by Western civilisation to the country which was its cradle, and to which a large part of the civilised world still looks for cultural inspiration. This is not a showy book. Indeed, the Don tends to break through but its very sobriety is impressive. Professor Roe has chosen for himself the largest possible canvas, but he fills it in detail and with great clarity. Here are French institutions admirably analysed (I recommend particularly what he has to say on French Parliamentary democracy—its shortcomings and sometimes its unexpected strength) and his explanation of the French educational system is the first I have read which enabled me fully to understand it. While he writes lovingly of the past, the author deals more than adequately with the most modern developments and movements in the arts, including that of the French cinema. A book which should be most

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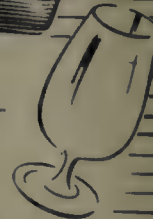
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P27

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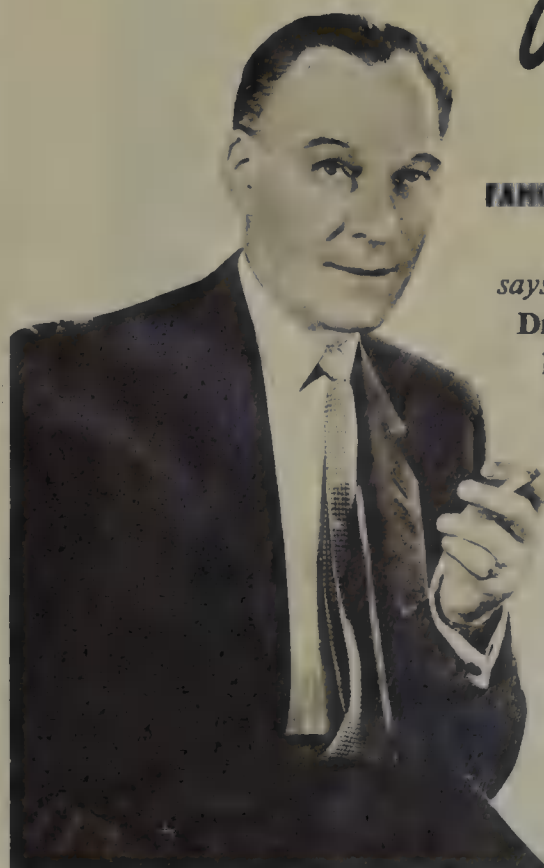
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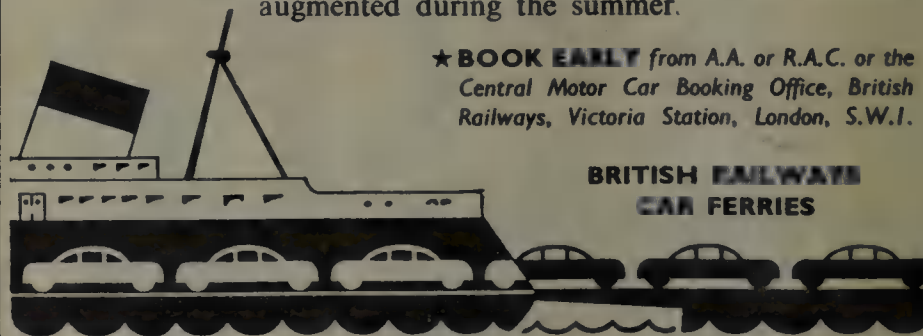


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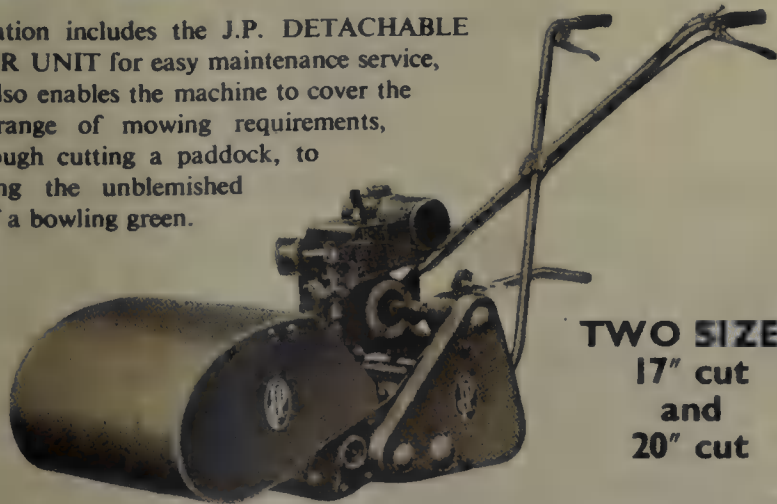


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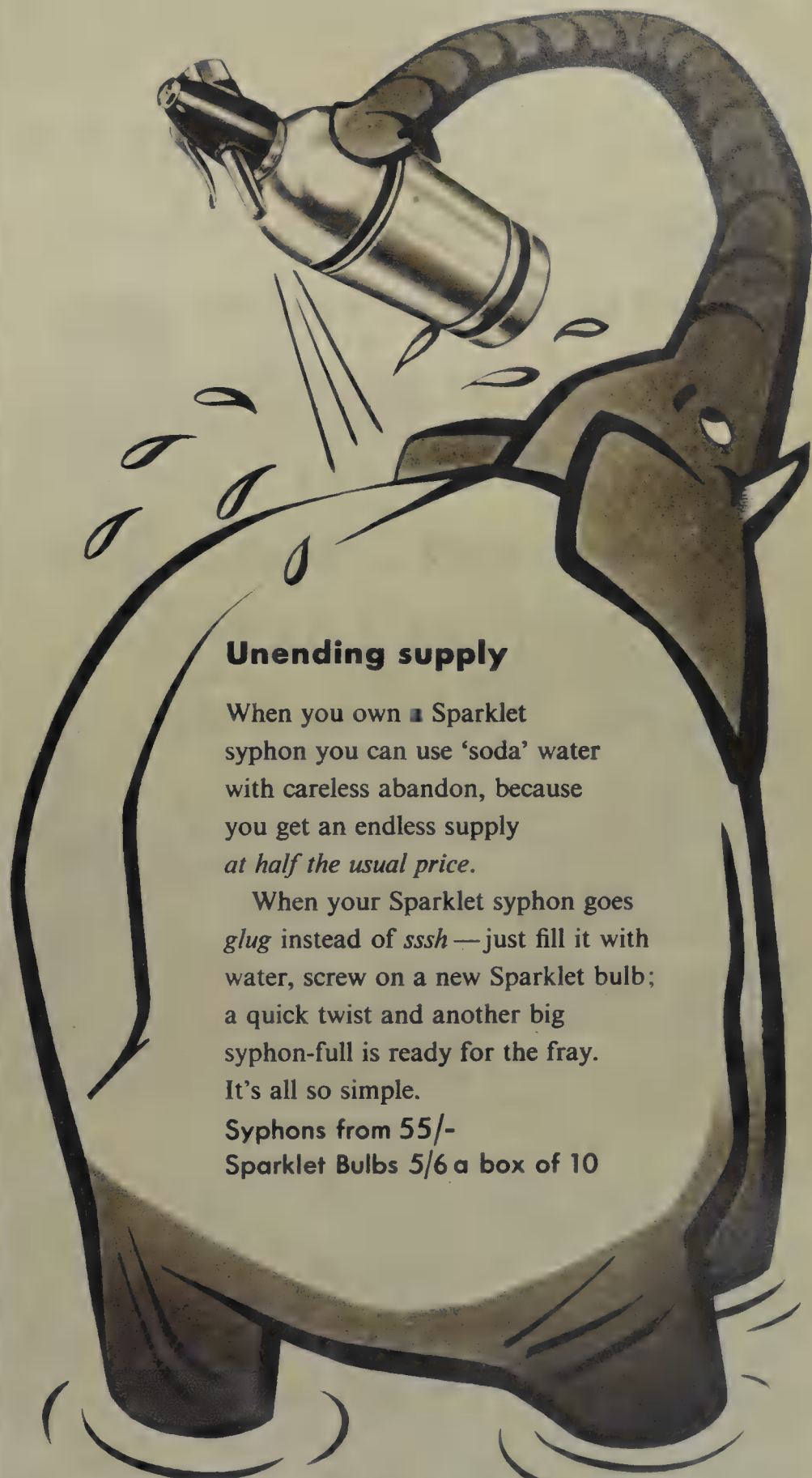


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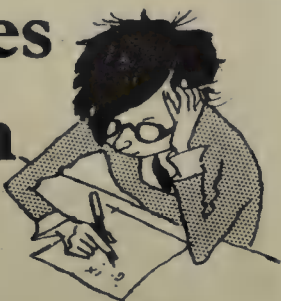
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IF ALL THE BOTTLES
 de Dubonnet bues en
OF DUBONNET CONSUMED IN
 un mois étaient
A MONTH WERE
 placées bout à bout elles
PLACED END TO END THEY
 relieraient Londres
WOULD STRETCH FROM LONDON
 à Paris. (*Quel chemin de rêve!*)
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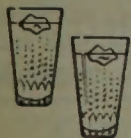
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Pipe makers in London since 1812

APRIL

A Very Faint Frenzy

PHLEGM, a characteristic traditionally associated with our race, is somehow not a very inspiring virtue, if indeed it is a virtue at all. We think of it as a stodgy, insensitive brand of fatalism—a useful, but not a dashing or an attractive trait. It has sustained us through the gloom and rigours of the winter. Now, with the approach of spring, we need it less and there are moments when we come near to feeling non-phlegmatic. The retreat from stoicism is never in danger of becoming a rout. We do not cut capers, or beat our breasts and declare that it is good to be alive. Only an exceptionally well-qualified observer could detect the slight mellowing in our customary toad-under-the-harrow demeanour. Other nations—more mercurial, more impulsive—greet the new season effusively; but their climates—and their licensing laws—are more liberal than ours, and we see no reason to lay on anything in the nature of a civic reception for a month quite capable, for all her airs and graces, of having a blizzard up her sleeve. But we do, nevertheless, begin to sit up and take notice. Our poets, luxuriating in their private hells, no longer break into the traditional paeans; but the ordinary man, asked how he fares, is apt to betray by his reply the fever stirring his blood. "Mustn't grumble", says the ordinary man.



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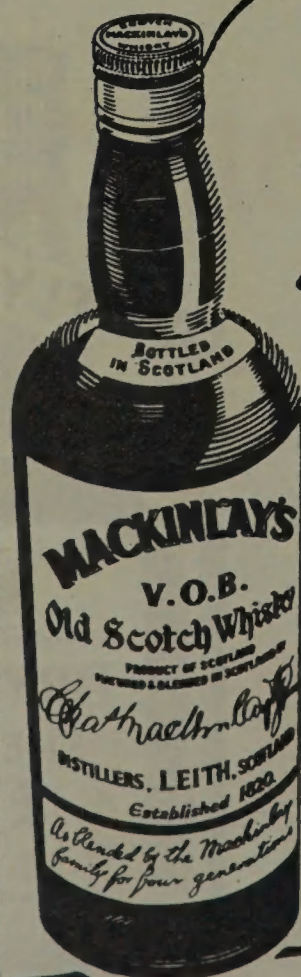
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100	Savoy	16	23
80	Bernerhof	16	23
80	Jura	16	23
70	Central	16	23
70	Gotthard	16	23
60	Bristol Terminus	Garni	
60	Splendid	16	23
55	National	16	23
20	Neuhaus on the lake	16	23
80	Hirschen	15	20
70	Drei Tannen	15	20
70	Europe	15	20
60	Alpina	15	20
55	Horn	15	20
45	Sonne	15	20
18	Blume	15	20
40	Helvetia	14	18
40	Merkur	14	18
40	De la Paix	14	18
35	Beausite	14	18
35	Löwen	14	18
32	Beauséjour	14	18
32	Harder-Minerva	14	18
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28	Bären	14	18
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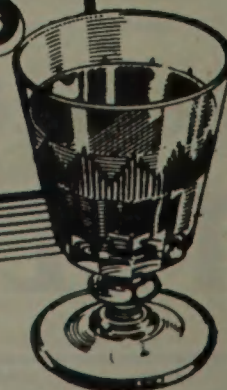
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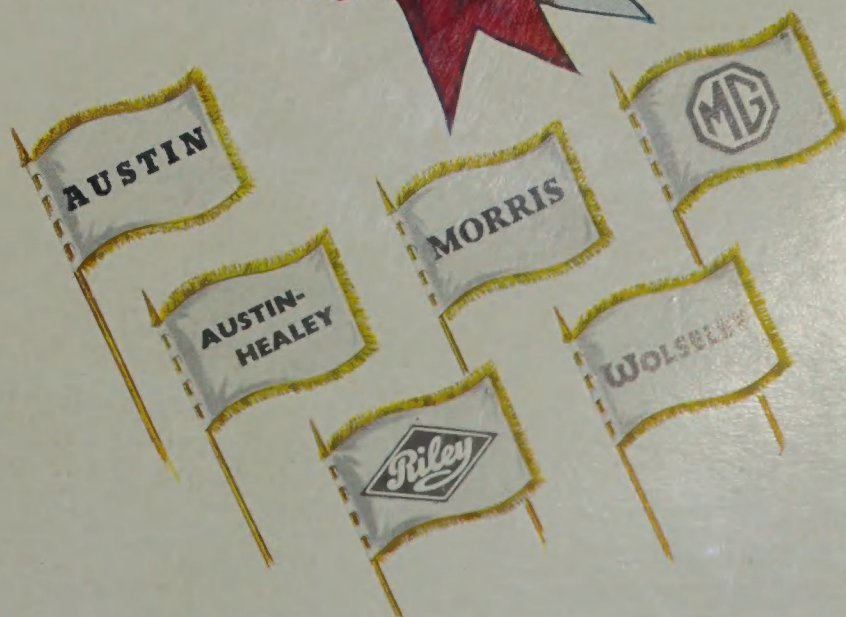
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